

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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TWO {SIXPENCE.  
WHOLE SHEETS } By Post, 6<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>d.



"EDITH."—PICTURE BY CONRAD KIESEL.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE PHOTOGRAPHIC UNION, MUNICH.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

Sir James Crichton Browne deserves well of his country's novelists. At the Medical Association he has ventured to declare that imaginative literature is a very wholesome tonic, and that it is no wonder when the cares and responsibilities of the day are over that members of his own profession are glad to plunge into "realms where night bells never ring," and therein refresh themselves. It is not the novel that is responsible for madness, as fanatics suggest—indeed, he defines idiocy as "the absolute negation of imagination—but those are on the road to it who preach against novels." I never had a doubt of this myself, but one likes to be agreed with by one's medical man. There is one thing, however, in which I venture to think Sir James is mistaken—namely, that the appetite for fiction is most urgent in the spring. He attributes it to "erithism"—a very pretty word indeed, but one not in general use—and adds that it is least pressing in autumn, when the nervous system is comparatively quiescent. It is sad to have to state that the records of the circulating libraries contradict these supposed phenomena. The spring is not so good a season in the novel market as that of the late autumn. In the early autumn, it is true, there is a great falling off in the demand for novels; but that is not so much from the absence of "erithism," I fancy (a good deal of which is still going about), as from the absence of folk from town.

It is no wonder that after all this stirring up of the Maybrick case we should get to the sediment: what lay at the bottom of the movement, we are now frankly informed, was an objection to the death penalty under any circumstances, but especially when a lady was in the case. It is suggested that there should be a Salic law as respects the gallows, as in France in connection with the throne. I am not at all in favour of hanging ladies, but I do think that a Madame Brinvilliers or a Mrs. Brownrigg should be "improved off the face of the earth" by some means or another. I don't understand "the sanctity of life" of women who make poisoning their trade, or whipping orphan girls to death their pleasure.

The total abolitionists who make any pretence of being practical in this matter point with triumph to Switzerland, as the home of the free, as regards homicides. But it was only a few of its cantons that tried the experiment, and some of them have acknowledged their mistake, and reverted to the old system. It was found that gentlemen who stuck at nothing (except throats) chose those localities for their crimes, and the inhabitants objected to it. This proved the sagacity of that philosopher of our own land who proposed that the death penalty should be abolished in cases where the murdered persons were themselves abolitionists, but not otherwise, "just to see how it worked."

The fact is that the sentimentalists of the gallows have no sense of proportion. They have a much greater horror of putting miscreants to death than of the cruelties inflicted by them on women and children, which make the grave a refuge. If the Whitechapel murderer should be caught, it is possible that they would abstain from petitioning that his valuable life should be spared (one is curious to see whether they would "stop somewhere," as Charles Lamb declared Honesty must do in the case of somebody else's sucking-pig); but they appear comparatively unmoved by such atrocities as have recently been revealed by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. Mr. Benjamin Waugh, its secretary, gives us a list of convictions, sufficient, one would think, to convince most people of the devilish malignity that actuates our child-torturers. "The file used for the shoulder blades and spine," and the hot pokers deliberately applied to the pit of the little back, are instruments which even the Inquisition would hardly have used to children. The motives in the British parent's case are the love of cruelty, or at the best because the poor creatures "pester and cry so" when they are being starved. An English Judge has boldly and truly written that there are crimes far worse than murder, and deserving of, at least, equal punishment; and, when one hears our milk-and-water sentimentalists talk of those who commit them being "brutalised by the lash," it makes one feel almost as sick as the recital of the cruelties themselves. It is said that hanging is the worst use to which you can put a man; but wretches such as we are talking about are not men, nor (one hopes) anything like them. It has recently been discovered that *sus per coll* is a good prescription for ataxia, but it is a certain remedy for even a more incurable disease—the love of Cruelty to the Defenceless. I may add that it is also strongly recommended for those who indulge in the popular pastime of attempting to wreck trains. The attempt is made about once a week, but, because the catastrophes are averted, nobody seems to take much notice. Yet suppose even one should not be averted! Heavens!

Who shall say that even the profession of literature has not its prizes? A Government—I need hardly say not the English one, which does not patronise that calling, but the Spanish—has offered two of the value of £1200 and £600 respectively, for the best essays on the discovery of the New World. The subject is certainly not new, except in name; but there will doubtless be a considerable novelty in its treatment. The composition may be in Spanish, French, German, Portuguese, Italian, or English. If this wet weather continues while I am at the seaside I shall try my luck with one of them—I think the English. Unfortunately, there is only a very elementary work upon this subject obtainable here ("Mag-nall's Questions"), but that will only make the effort more original; it is "cram" that often disfigures even the best works, as in the case of "The Last Days of Pompeii." One would like to know the view taken by the Spaniards (or, at least, the Spanish examiners) upon the subject, before embarking upon it as a competitor. Are they glad they discovered America, or sorry? They disgraced themselves in the matter very much at the time, and

have not got much out of it since; and America is in the habit of slapping their faces, and then exacting apologies from them. And yet very likely, upon the whole, they may be proud of their Columbus. My own opinion—like that of the Parliamentary candidate who, after stating his views, added that they were quite capable of alteration to suit the constituency—is entirely that of the Spanish examiners, if I could only get at it. I am very proud of having my works published in America, and America slaps my face by not giving me a copyright of them. Without being too much actuated by mercenary motives, one would also feel a satisfaction in being quite sure, if one won the prize, of getting the money. I know little of business matters, but I am told that Spain has not a good name for pecuniary transactions; one wouldn't care to be paid in Spanish "paper," nor even "in kind"—the productions of the country. What on earth would a literary person do with £1200 worth of liquorice, or Spanish onions?

Mr. Erckmann Chatrian—as that literary firm is only too commonly called by our fellow-countrymen—has quarrelled with himself. We have only an *ex parte* statement of the matter at present, and, on the face of it, it is a hardly credible one. If M. Erckmann had no share in the dramatisation of their common novels one does not see why he should have received half-profits on their stage rights, and still more, having got so good a bargain, why he should have interfered with M. Chatrian's arrangements for them. That he should have been described as not a true patriot, and even to have German leanings, is also a statement difficult for those who have read those famous books, in which he had at least an equal hand, to believe. Whatever the facts of the case may be, the breach between two such writers is deplorable. Even through the medium of translation (a crucial test of dramatic interest), "The Blockade" and "The Conscript" hold the reader in thrall; while "Waterloo," if it lacks the romantic colours in which Victor Hugo painted the same event, has a far more graphic fidelity. As military novelists, indeed, no writers have ever approached these two men, and admirable are the pictures they have set before their restless and change-fellow-countrymen of the horrors of war. The work of each is so dovetailed into that of the other that it is impossible to assign the separate portions of it to either. Now that their partnership is dissolved we shall doubtless be informed on that matter, but the satisfaction of our curiosity will have been dearly purchased. Their quarrel is not only to be regretted as regards themselves, but is sure to cause the wicked to blaspheme against their common profession: "See how these men of letters love one another!" So far as one can judge of the matter, it seems, as usual, to have arisen from the mischievous interference of friends. In other than literary firms Brown falls out with Jones, not on his own account, but because Smith assures him he has been "put upon."

These are the days—especially the wet ones—for drawing the covers (though the books have often none at all) of the seaside circulating libraries; and how one often draws them blank! It seems to us, notwithstanding that plethora of Fiction, that we have read all of it already, except what nothing will induce us to read. Literature and Art are so far in accord in this particular that the same vertigo comes over us, after half an hour of the sport, that is produced by too much picture gallery. Our favourite authors are, of course, out; while those we hate are in great profusion. The librarian (a minor), perceiving our embarrassment, is so good as to offer us the advantage of his immature judgment: "Something," he says, "is going very well just now" (as though it were a clock of eccentric habits), or "has given great satisfaction" (like the patent pant-stretcher over the way). Sooner than submit to this absurd dictation, we snatch up some volume that we are well acquainted with, pay a week's subscription to the library for it in advance (for the boy tells us, with some dignity, that it is none of your twopenny establishments), and when we get to our lodgings find that a member of the family has brought a duplicate of it from home. Upon the whole one likes the small circulating collections best; I know of a charming one which at a penny a volume, which is its very modest charge, can be borrowed in its entirety for half a crown. Here you get "The One-handed Monk" and "The Mysteries of Udolpho"; none of your modern vivisections of character, but some "jolly good incidents" (as I heard a young gentleman describe them) set in genuine oak furniture, with sliding panels; also some fine old-world magazines, with fiction full of blanks and asterisks, which, so far from being indelicately suggestive, are all the author gives you of the names and addresses of his heroes and heroines.

The most humorous thing that ever I saw in one of these institutions, or, indeed, in all my "Hours in a Library," was what I saw yesterday: it was an establishment of some pretensions, and boasted of the newest works. A gentleman of about six-and-thirty or so, with his young wife, came in while I was there, and the way in which he looked at one book, and took it up, and put it down again, convinced me that he was the author of it. It was not quite so certain, of course, as in a picture exhibition, where you see the original hanging (like a bit of glass with quicksilver behind it) about his own portrait; but it was equally clear to one in the same line of business, and who had published (though it may not be, in the latest catalogue) a first book himself. What this bashful debutant wanted to ask (I knew) was whether his book was in demand, but being deficient in moral courage he very naturally made his wife ask. To see that charming young person, with much hesitancy and blushing, assume an air of indifference, as she put the desired question to the librarian, while her husband affected to be engaged over the index volume of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" in a dark corner (but listening with all his ears), was as good as any farce; but when the man answered cheerfully, "Well, no, Ma'am; you are the first that I ever heard ask about it," it was a tragedy to three of us.

## THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO NORTH WALES.

Her Majesty the Queen, accompanied by Princess Beatrice and her husband Prince Henry of Battenberg, and by Princess Alice of Hesse, arrived at Llandderfel, near Bala, Merionethshire, at eight o'clock in the morning on Friday, Aug. 23, to stay a few days in the mansion of Palé, lent by its owner, Mr. H. B. Robertson, for the accommodation of the Royal party. Our last publication contained many views of the beautiful and romantic scenery of Bala Lake and the river Dee, as far as Llangollen, which her Majesty had not seen for many years past, and which she has now had an opportunity of revisiting.

The special train by which the Royal party travelled on a branch of the Great Western Railway, via Chirk, Ruabon, Llangollen, and Corwen, up the Dee Valley, was met at the Llandderfel Station, by Captain R. D. Pryce, the Lord Lieutenant of Merionethshire, and Mrs. Pryce, Colonel Evans Lloyd, Mr. R. H. Wood, the High Sheriff, Mr. R. J. Price, of Rhiwlas, and other gentlemen, with some ladies. The platform was gaily decorated, and a covered entrance, adorned with flags and plants, had been erected. When the Queen alighted, Mrs. Pryce presented her with a magnificent bouquet, composed of stephanotis, camellias, and gardenias, in the form of a Welsh lyre. The Lord Lieutenant was presented by Sir H. Ponsonby, and in his turn presented the High Sheriff, Mr. J. Lloyd Price, Chairman of the Reception Committee. The rain ceased as the Queen entered her carriage, and the sun shone out brightly. The Queen did not appear fatigued by her long journey, but leaned heavily on her stick as she walked to the carriage. The people raised a hearty cheer, which the Royal lady smilingly acknowledged, and the carriage at once drove off to Palé, a few hundred yards from the station. The half-dozen Indian retainers who accompanied the Royal party were regarded with special curiosity. At the Hall the visitors were received by Mr. Robertson and the Right Hon. Cecil Raikes, the Postmaster-General, the Minister in attendance. Across the stone bridge an arch of evergreen and heather had been erected, bearing the legend "Dw gadwo ein Brenhines," the Welsh version of "God save our Queen." As the carriages entered the gates of Palé, the Royal Standard was run up the flagstaff.

The road to Bala, along which the Royal party drove in the afternoon, is very beautiful. By its side the dark waters of the Dee hurry over their rocky bed, and larch and copper-beech, retaining their freshness in this land of rain, form natural archways of verdure. To the left the valley rises by sloping meadows and heather-covered hills into the long range of Berwyn. Farther on, the heights of Castell Carndochan and Gwynfynydd are discernible, and on a clear day the Arans, with Cader Idris standing like a sentinel over the whole. To the right are low hills stretching away into the distance in graceful curves; and Arenig rises in front. A few little cottages along the road were modestly decorated in honour of the Royal visit. The village was very smart with flags and streamers, and the inhabitants turned out to receive the procession. As Bala was approached the decorations became more profuse, and at Rhiwlas, the old mansion of Mr. R. Lloyd Price, was a triumphal arch with the motto "Llangyfarchiadau Rhiwlas," which is said to mean "Congratulations of Rhiwlas." Crossing the quaint bridge over the Tryweryn, that joins the Dee close by Bala, the carriages passed under another arch, which gave a welcome to Merioneth; at the other end of the street was a similar structure, with the sentiment in Welsh, "On a throne unshaken, long live Victoria." The effect of these arches, composed of evergreen and heather, was charming, and the town street was an avenue of flags and streamers.

Opposite the County Hall stands had been erected, and a wooden roofing was built across the road. Here the guard of honour of the 2nd Volunteer Battalion Royal Welsh Fusiliers was drawn up, under the command of Major Rees, and the painting of Bala Lake by Mr. Edwin A. Pettitt, to be presented to the Queen from the ladies of Bala and the neighbourhood, was placed. The Volunteer band and the Oakeley Silver Band contributed patriotic and national music. Among those in the reserved seats were Mr. Greaves, Lord Lieutenant of Carnarvonshire; Sir John Puleston, M.P.; Mr. Pope, Q.C., in the uniform of a Deputy Lieutenant; Sir R. Wyatt, Mr. Osmond Williams, and Mr. H. Ellis Nanney.

Then came the Queen's carriage, drawn by four greys ridden by postillions, with the Scotch gillies behind. Sir J. McNeill rode by the side of her Majesty. The second carriage contained Sir H. Ponsonby and Mr. Raikes, and the third the ladies in attendance. The carriage stopped at the platform, the band of the volunteers playing the National Anthem, while the guard of honour presented arms. A bouquet was presented to the Queen by Miss S. M. Clark, of Moel-y-Garnedd. Miss E. K. Williams, of Gwernhefin, presented one to Princess Beatrice. A third was given to Princess Alice by Miss J. A. Jones, of Mount Place. A "buttonhole" was presented to Prince Henry of Battenberg by Miss Catherine Jones, of Plasdeon. The Lord Lieutenant handed to Mr. Raikes, who handed to the Queen, the address of welcome from the county of Merioneth, to which her Majesty graciously replied.

The following gentlemen were presented: Mr. W. E. Jones, Chairman of the Quarter Sessions; Dr. E. Jones, Chairman of the County Council; Mr. O. S. Wynne, Mr. H. J. Reveley, Mr. W. E. Oakley, Mr. John Vaughan, Major Amoye Passingham, Mr. E. Gilliat Jones, Captain A. R. Pryce, Mr. Edward Watkin, County Councillor for Bala, and Mr. W. Durant Gibbings, secretary to the Reception Committee. The curtain in front of the painting of Bala Lake was drawn aside, and Mrs. Price, of Rhiwlas, asked her Majesty's acceptance of it in the name of the subscribers. The Queen inspected the picture, and expressed her gratification at the gift. This, with the present of the parishioners of Llandderfel, which took the form of a hazel stick grown in the district, mounted with a gold band bearing the inscription "Llandderfel to H.M. Victoria, R.I., 1889," will be to the Queen a pleasant memento of this part of her kingdom. The carriages drove off, while the united choirs of the Bala district began to sing the National Anthem.

The Royal visitors proceeded along the north shore of Bala Lake, in view of Cader Idris and the Arans, to Glanllyn, the pretty little shooting box of Sir Watkin W. Wynn. Here they were received by Sir Watkin and Lady Williams Wynn, and took tea, staying for half an hour. The house party included the Earl of Stradbroke, Lady Rous, the Hon. C. Russell, Mr. Robert Ethelston, Mr. Lucas, Mr. R. W. Williams Wynn, Miss Williams Wynn, of Cefn, Miss Constance Williams Wynn, Captain Rowley Conwy, and Mr. O. Slaney Wynne. The return journey to Palé was then commenced, the procession passing again through Bala, where the Queen was heartily cheered. The roads during the day were kept by drafts of the Flint, Denbigh, and Merionethshire Police, under Major Best, Chief Constable of Merionethshire. In the evening Sir Watkin gave a dinner to his tenantry.

On Saturday, Aug. 24, her Majesty and the Princesses, with Prince Henry of Battenberg, went to Ruabon and Wrexham, places in Denbighshire near the English Border, which are of some industrial importance, possessing valuable collieries. The town of Wrexham is the busiest and most thriving in North Wales; it has a very fine old parish church, with beautiful monuments; is the headquarters of a military district, and carries on large ironworks, breweries, and the manufacture of



mineral waters. In the neighbourhood are the noble wooded parks of Erddig Hall, and other fine mansions, and the site of a famous ancient monastery, Bangor Iscoed, on the Dee. Ruabon, from which Wrexham is distant five miles to the north-east, is the Great Western Railway junction for the branch line to Llangollen and Barmouth. It is twenty-four miles from Shrewsbury, and sixteen miles from Chester. The collieries, ironworks, brick and terra-cotta works, support a rather scattered population of 15,000. Close to the village is Wynnistay Park, the seat of Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, Bart., with one of the grandest avenues of oaks and elms in the kingdom. A few miles to the south, on the line to Oswestry, is Chirk Castle, in the Valley of the Ceiriog, which affords a beautiful view. The railway viaduct over the Dee, constructed by the late Mr. Robertson, father of the present owner of Palé, and Telford's aqueduct, erected between 1795 and 1803, are great engineering works, and of imposing aspect.

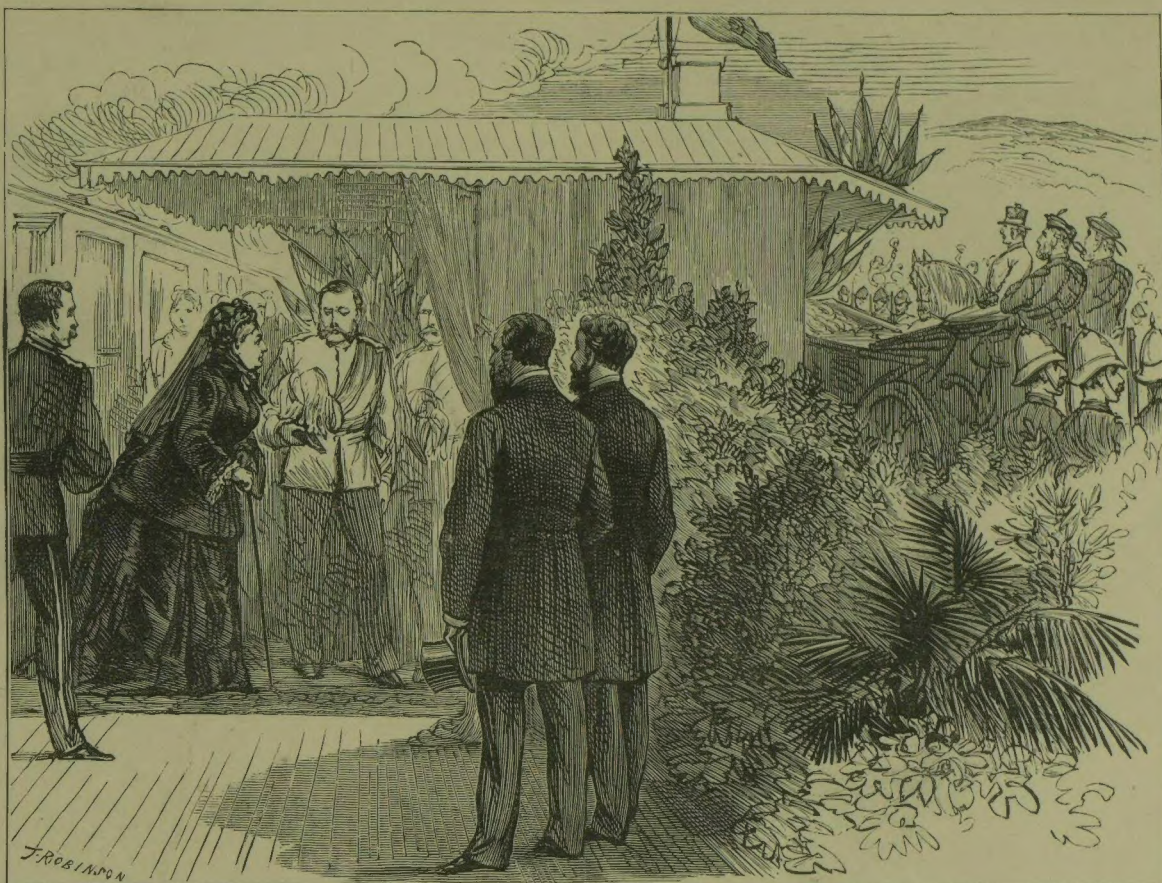
The Royal party, leaving Palé at half-past three in the afternoon, travelled by train to Ruabon, where the railway station had been decorated with flags and carpets and exotic flowers. Colonel Cornwallis West, M.P., Lord Lieutenant of Denbighshire, in military uniform, met the Queen here. Her Majesty and the party entered carriages, in which they drove by the high road to Wrexham. There was a beautiful triumphal arch at Ruabon, formed of laurels and heather, with bosses of marigolds, dahlias, and other flowers, and many festive decorations, arranged by Mr. Owen Stanley Wynne and a local committee. The town of Wrexham gave her Majesty a splendid reception. The streets from end to end were adorned with Venetian masts and flags and floral festoons. The Mayor of Wrexham, Mr. Evan Morris, had invited to his house, Rose-nath, a large party of ladies and gentlemen, among whom were the Lords Lieutenant of Merionethshire, Carnarvonshire, and Anglesea, the High Sheriffs, the Marquis of Anglesey, the Bishops of Bangor, Shrewsbury, and St. Asaph, Lord and Lady Trevor, Lord Mostyn, Lord Kenyon, several members of Parliament, and the Chairmen of County Councils and Mayors of towns in North Wales. After luncheon, they went to Acton Park, the seat of Sir Robert Cunliffe, Bart., in whose delightful grounds the Queen was to be met. The Welsh Fusiliers, with their white goat having gilt horns, formed a guard of honour, and an escort was furnished by the Denbighshire Hussars. Her Majesty entered the park in a carriage-and-four. "God Save the Queen" was sung, and the Lord Lieutenant of the county presented an address; to which were added one from the

clergy of the diocese of St. Asaph, presented by the Bishop, with Dean Owen and Canon Howell; and one from the Non-conformist ministers, presented by the Rev. Dr. David Roberts. The address of the Mayor and Corporation of Wrexham was then read by the Town Clerk. The Mayor presented a gold medal, specially manufactured by Mr. Edwin Owens, jeweller and medallist, of Wrexham; and Mrs. Morris presented a loyal ode, written by the poet Mr. Lewis Morris. Many ladies and gentlemen had the honour of being presented to the Queen. The assembled choirs sang "The Men of Harlech" and other Welsh national songs. The Mayor of Wrexham has been knighted.

Her Majesty, on Monday afternoon, Aug. 26, went by railway to Llangollen, and visited Bryntisilio, the residence of Sir Theodore and Lady Martin, with whom she took tea. At Llangollen, and also at Corwen, the local authorities and chief residents offered the customary tokens of homage and welcome. Princess Beatrice, with her husband, in the morning visited a colliery at Ruabon, descending into the pit and "firing a shot" to blast the coal. Her Royal Highness went next day to Barmouth, to lay the foundation-stone of a new church; and in the evening the Royal visitors left for Balmoral.

The Prince of Wales has, it is stated, derived very great benefit from his sojourn at Homburg.—The Princess of Wales, accompanied by Victoria and Maud of Wales, arrived

at Marlborough House shortly after four o'clock on Aug. 22 from Cowes, where they had been spending the last week on board the Royal yacht Osborne. The Princess of Wales and her two daughters left Marlborough House on Aug. 23 on a visit to the King and Queen of Denmark. They drove from Marlborough House to Charing-cross Station, where they were received by Colonel Surtees (director) and Mr. Tyrwhitt (deputy manager) of the South-Eastern Railway. The Royal party quitted



THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO NORTH WALES: LEAVING LLANDDERFEL RAILWAY STATION.

London and reached Port Victoria at a quarter past seven. The Princesses, on leaving the train, embarked on the Royal yacht Osborne, which steamed out of Sheerness Harbour, down the Thames, and across the North Sea for Flushing. Their Royal Highnesses, on disembarking, proceeded to Copenhagen, where they arrived on the 25th, being received at the station by King Christian, King George of Greece, the Crown Prince, and Prince Waldemar. The Royal party drove immediately to the Castle of Fredensborg.

A telegram from Bombay says that Prince Albert Victor will proceed thence to Hyderabad, Mysore, Bangalore, Madras, and Calcutta, where he will arrive in Christmas week. He will then continue his journey to Benares, Cawnpore, Rawul

## THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES.

The two opposing divisions of her Majesty's equally loyal and patriotic naval forces—that is to say, the Attacking Fleet, under command of Admiral Baird, holding the coasts and ports of Ireland, with orders to do its utmost, in harmless mimicry, against the shores, towns, and trade of Great Britain; and the Defending Fleet, under Admiral Sir George Tryon, ordered to capture the reputed enemy's ships, to protect the coasts and maritime commerce of England, Wales, and Scotland, and to recover all it can on the Irish shores—have been at war since Aug. 15; but hostilities would terminate on Thursday, Aug. 29. Admiral Baird's fleet, having lost three ships on Saturday, the 17th, in the action that took place in the open Atlantic, some eighty miles south of the Irish coast, in the direction of Cape Ushant, has lain blockaded in Queenstown Harbour, except a squadron detached to pass round the western and northern shores of Ireland and Scotland. But this squadron, composed of the Inflexible, Anson, Collingwood, and Australia, has visited Aberdeen, Wick, Peterhead, and Leith, and has formally conquered these almost defenceless towns. The cruiser Arethusa and others have captured many English merchant-steamers.

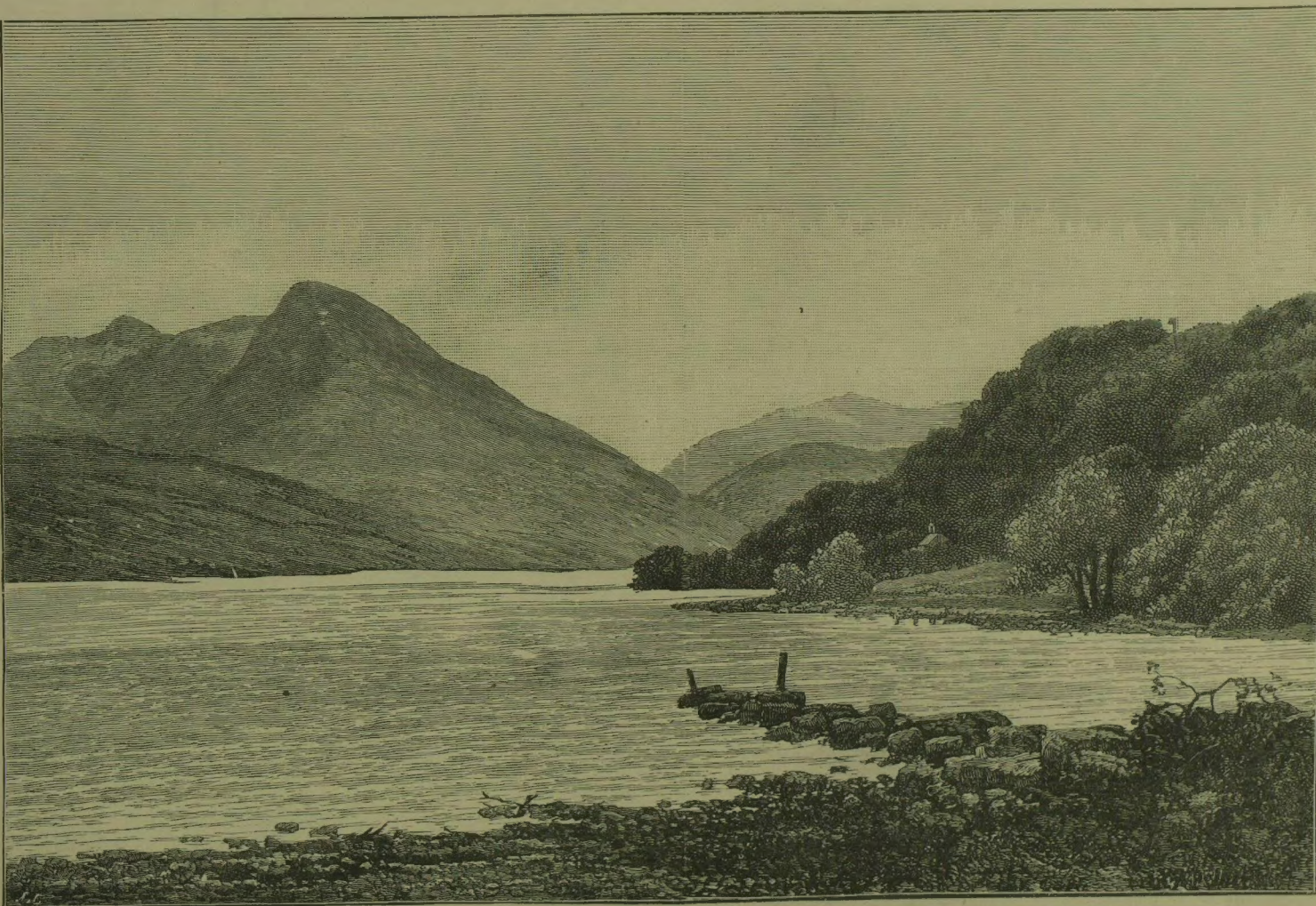
Our Special Artists—Mr. W. H. Overend, on board H.M.S. Northumberland, the flag-ship of Admiral Baird, and Mr. J. R. Wells, on board Sir George Tryon's flag-ship, H.M.S. Hercules—have furnished Sketches; the most interesting of which are those of the rendezvous of the Attacking Fleet in the open Atlantic, during a thick fog, on Thursday, the 15th; and the battle on the Saturday, in which only three ships of that fleet—the Camperdown, the Hero, and the Immortalité—were engaged, being cut off from the rest and obliged to surrender to a superior force. These ships, with the Anson, Collingwood, and Australia,

were intended to enter the English Channel, and to attack the south coasts of England. They were encountered by Admiral Tracey, with the Rodney, Howe, Warspite, and Marathon, and were successively overtaken and captured after a running fight of four hours. The best account of this action, in which the unlucky ships were admirably handled, is that published in the *Daily News* of Monday, Aug. 19, written by the special correspondent of that paper on board H.M.S. Hero. We give an illustration also of the arrival of the captured ships in Falmouth Harbour, in charge of H.M.S. Rodney; and of the torpedo-vessel Rattlesnake bringing the news to Admiral Baird at Queenstown. Another interesting Sketch, from Admiral Baird's fleet, is that

of the torpedo store-ship Hecla, surrounded by six torpedo-boats, which she has to feed and help, reminding the fancy of a "Hen and Chickens."

The Rev. Edward J. Perry, Curate of St. James's, Clerkenwell, and Assistant Master of Merchant Taylors' School, has been appointed by the Church Missionary Society to the post of Principal of Trinity College, Candy, Ceylon, in succession to the Rev. Dr. Hodges, Bishop-Designate of Travancore; and the Rev. J. W. Fall, Curate of Walcot, near Bath, has been appointed Vice-Principal.

It is intended to authorise the payment of money orders by telegraph between certain offices, and the regulations to be observed in that issue have been published by the Postmaster-General. Any person requiring the issue of such a money



THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO NORTH WALES: PICTURE OF BALA LAKE, BY MR. E. A. PETTITT, PRESENTED TO THE QUEEN BY WELSH LADIES.

Pindi, Peshawur, and Baroda, and will embark at Bombay on his homeward journey in March next. His Royal Highness will not visit Burmah.

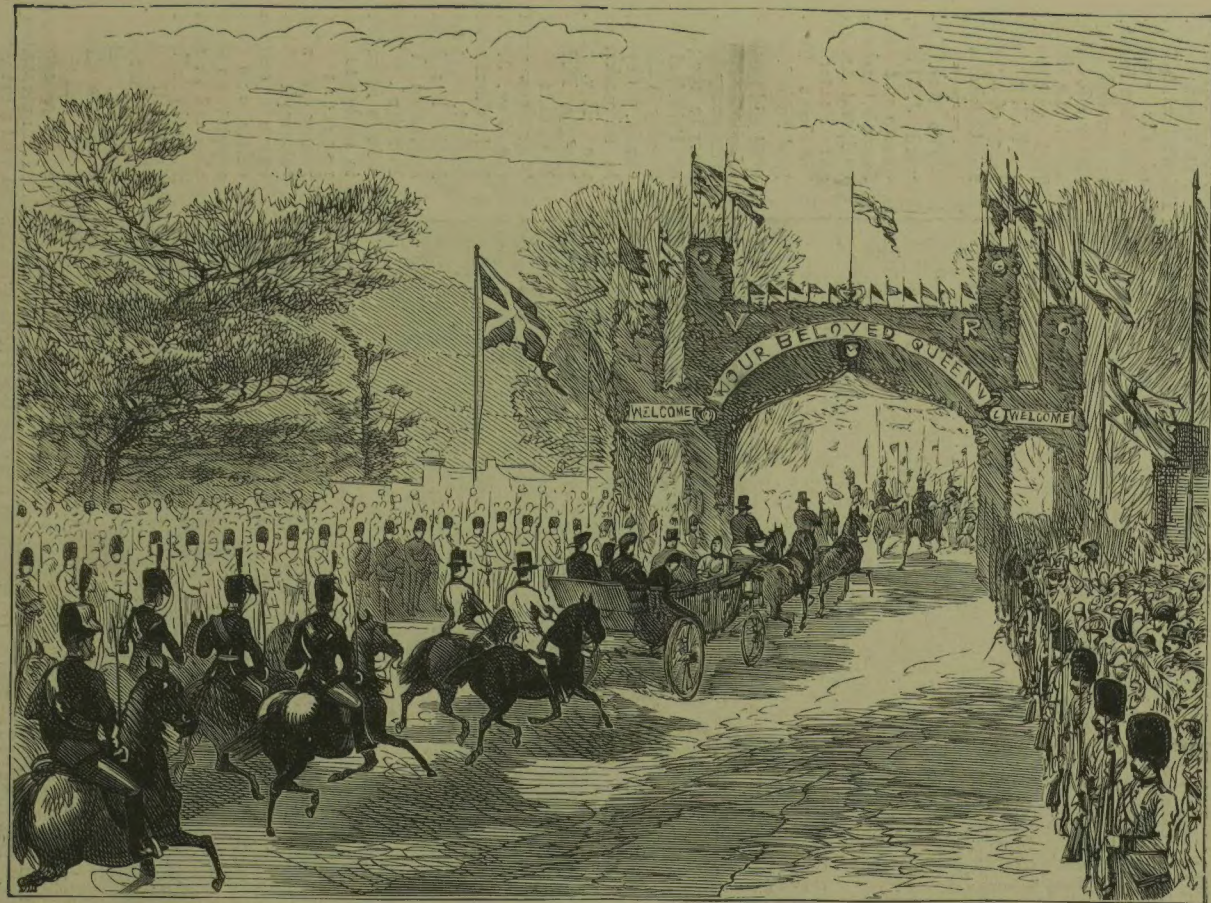
The Duchess of Albany, accompanied by her children, has gone with her parents, the Prince and Princess of Waldeck-Pyrmont, to the Castle of Schaumburg-on-the-Lahn for a stay of some duration.

The Duke of Hesse left London on Aug. 27 to join her Majesty at Balmoral.

The strike of London dock labourers is extending, the men of various allied industries having joined the movement.

order must fill up the money order requisition form prescribed from time to time by the Postmaster-General, and must write in some conspicuous place on it the words "by telegraph." The person requiring payment of a telegraph money order must attend at the money order office of payment and—(a) Produce evidence to the satisfaction of the postmaster that he is the person entitled to receive the amount of such order, and (b) sign a receipt in the form specified. The poundage to be paid is as follows: For sums not exceeding £1, 4d.; above £1 but not exceeding £2, 6d.; £2 but not exceeding £4, 8d.; £4 but not exceeding £7, 10d.; £7 but not exceeding £10, 1s. Ten pounds is the limit for which orders will be issued.





LEAVING RUABON STATION.



RECEPTION IN PASSING THROUGH BALA.



PRESENTATION OF AN ADDRESS AT BALA.



WELCOME AT RHIWLAS, BALA, THE RESIDENCE OF MR. R. J. LLOYD PRICE.



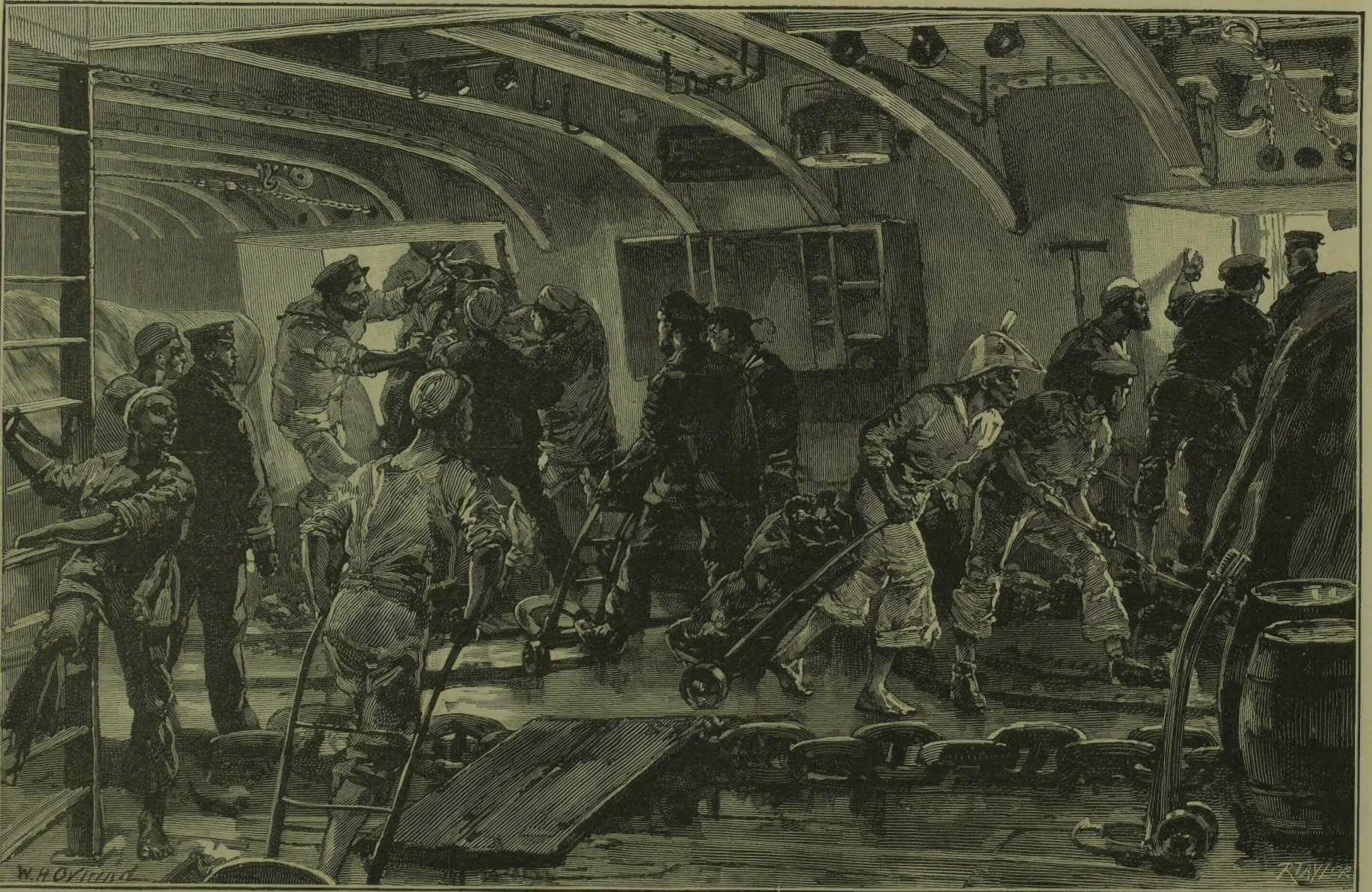


THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO NORTH WALES: TOWN CLERK READING THE ADDRESS OF THE CORPORATION OF WREXHAM.





THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO NORTH WALES: PALE MANSION HOUSE, LLANDDERFEL, OCCUPIED BY THE QUEEN.



THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES: COALING AN IRONCLAD.



T H E N A V A L M A N Œ U V R E S .



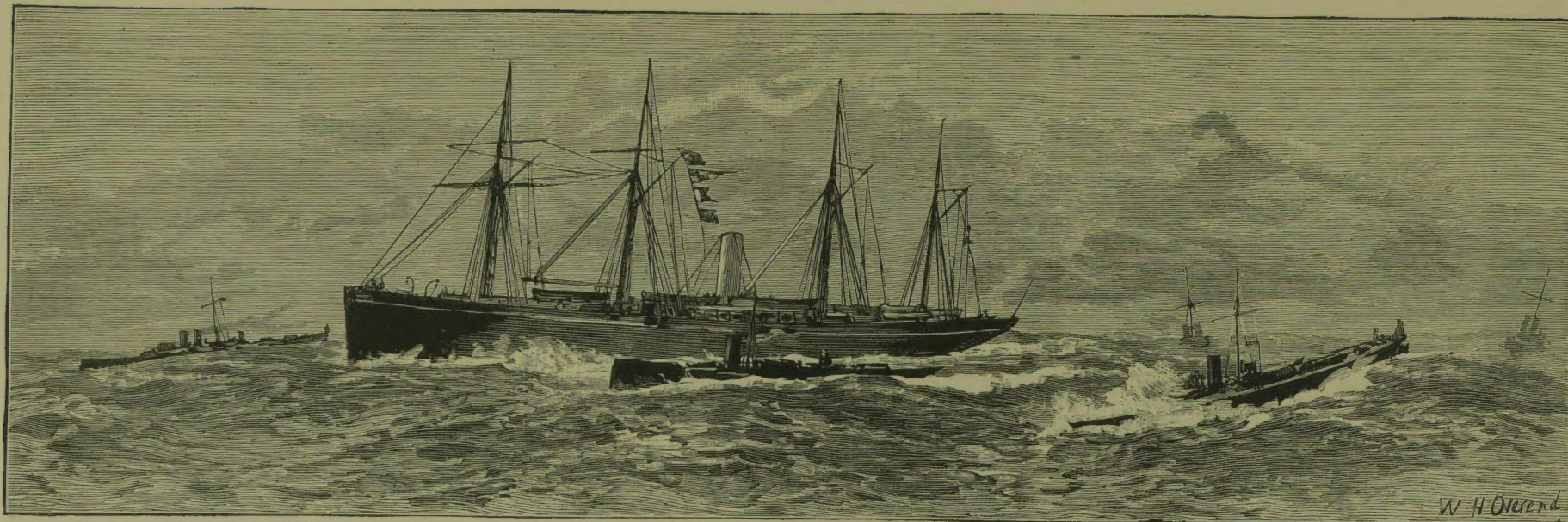
MEETING OF THE TWO DIVISIONS OF ADMIRAL BAIRD'S FLEET IN A FOG IN THE ATLANTIC.



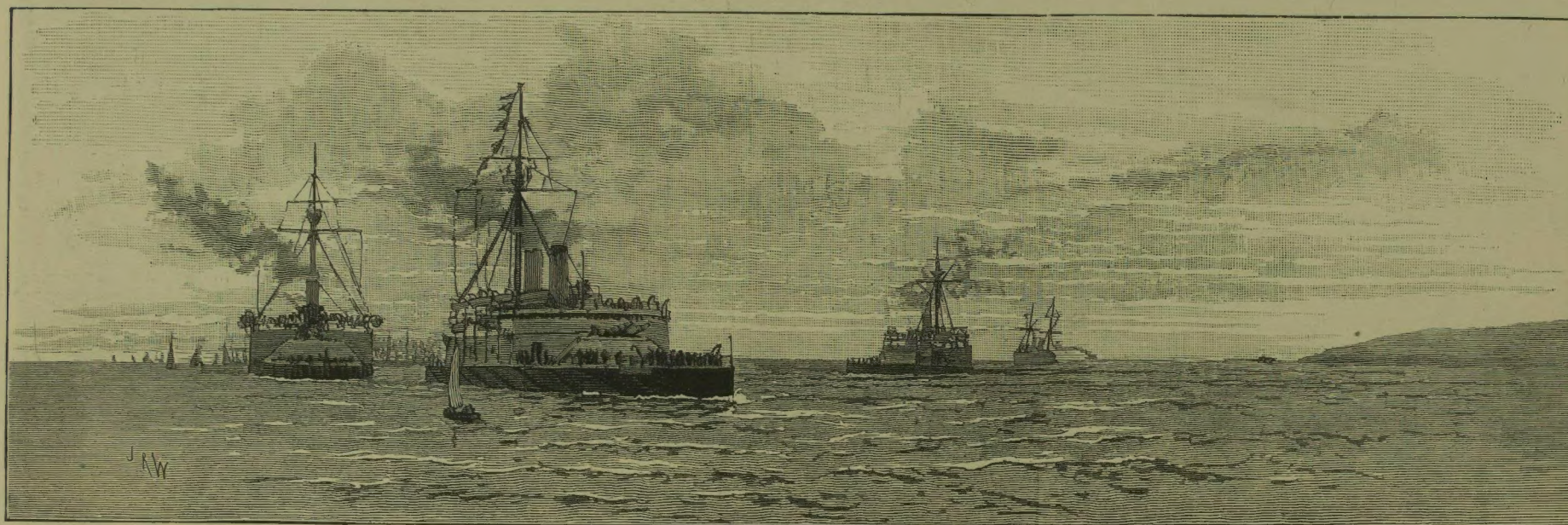
DEVASTATION. MONARCH. IRON DUKE. NORTHUMBERLAND.  
THE GUN-BOAT RATTLESNAKE COMING TO ADMIRAL BAIRD'S FLEET WITH NEWS OF THE ENEMY.



T H E N A V A L M A N Œ U V R E S.



"HEN AND CHICKENS:" TORPEDO STORE-SHIP HECLA WITH TORPEDO-BOATS ROUND HER, IN BLOWY WEATHER.



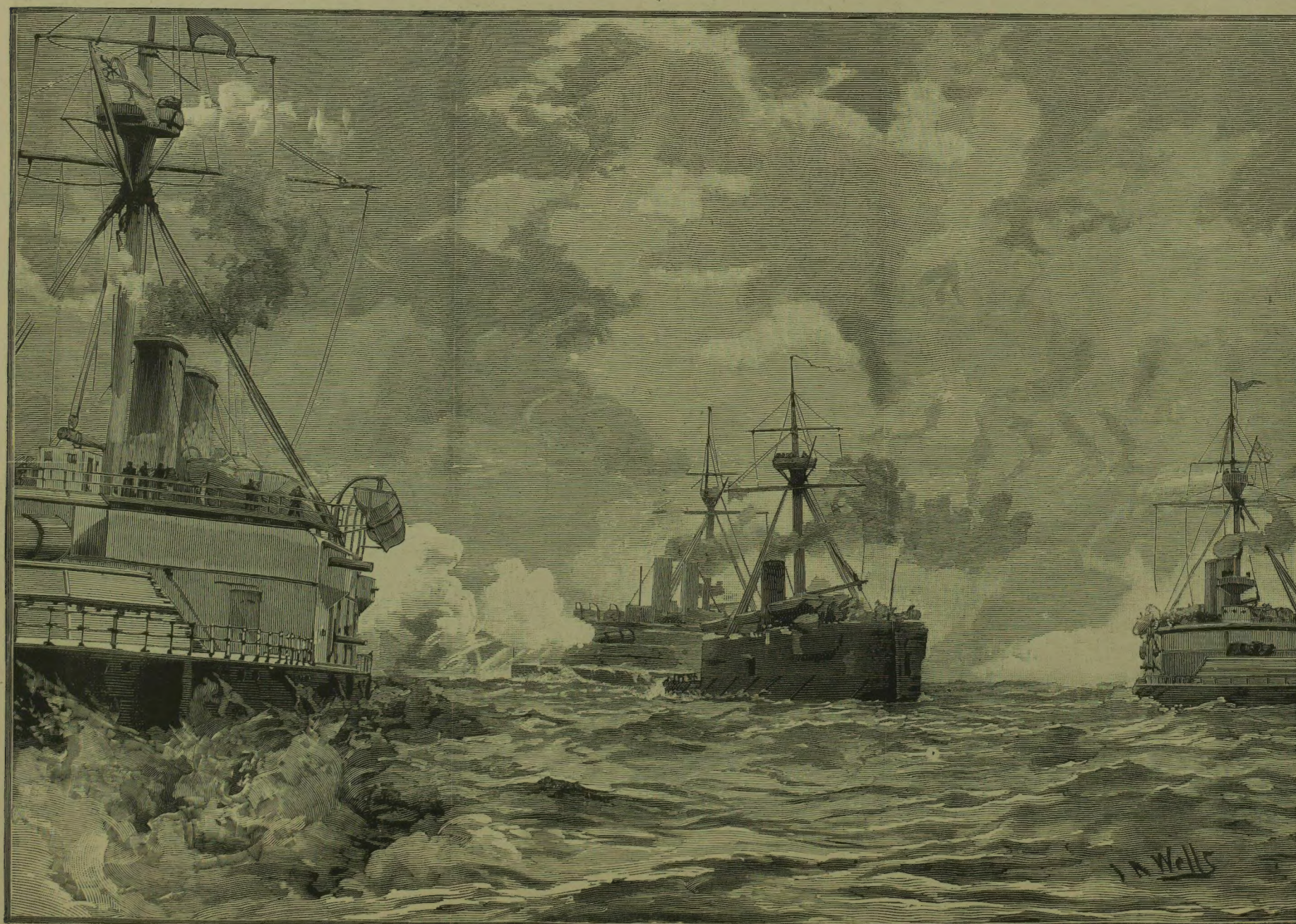
CAMPERDOWN.

RODNEY.

HERO

IMMORTALITE.

H.M.S. RODNEY BRINGING THE CAPTURED SHIPS INTO FALMOUTH.



RODNEY.

CAMPERDOWN.

HERO.

HOWE.

BATTLE IN THE ATLANTIC OCEAN: CAPTURE OF THREE OF THE ENEMY'S SHIPS.





"CAUGHT BY THE TIDE."

PICTURE BY A. M. ROSSI.



## THE LATER SONGS OF THE JACOBITES.

The poetry of Jacobitism is mainly the work of Lady Nairne, James Hogg, Sir Walter Scott, and William Glen, all of whom sang of the cause when it was utterly forlorn, and whose interest in it can only be said to have been a sentimental one. As has been remarked: "It is very seldom that a Tyrtæus is born—a man whose verse is moving at the moment, and keeps its charm when the hour of action is past," and there were certainly no such versemakers among those who lived and sang while the cause of Charles Edward Stuart was wavering in the balance. Not that the earliest of the Jacobite songs are altogether valueless. They tell the story of the Rebellion with a rich colouring, which throws every other interpretation of it into the shade. More than that, they are commendable for their variety, for their fiery vigour and enthusiasm, and for the forcible way in which they exemplify the feelings and passions of human nature. But, notwithstanding all this, there are very few that can be classed as poetry: most of them are, indeed, little better than doggerel, strung together in the heat of excitement, and by versifiers of whom posterity knows nothing whatever. It is, as we have indicated, to the poets who lived and wrote long after the struggle had ceased that we owe the most popular of the Jacobite ballads, and it is to a consideration of these that our paper will be devoted.

The best and most touching of the ballads are those which bear upon the closing scenes of the strange drama. Among them all none is sweeter or more popular than that one generally known, by its pathetic refrain, as "Wae's me for Prince Charlie"—

A wee bird cam' to our ha' door,  
He warbled sweet and clearly,  
And aye the o'ercome o' his sang  
Was "Wae's me for Prince Charlie."

After the battle of Culloden the unfortunate Prince became literally a fugitive and an outcast. For more than five months he was surrounded by armed troops, who chased him about the mountains and glens, and from isle to isle, among the Hebrides—

On hills that are by right his ain,  
He roams a lonely stranger;  
On ilka hand he's pressed by want,  
On ilka side by danger.

Sometimes he lurked in caves and cottages without a single attendant, and with no other support than that which the humble, friendly peasants could supply. Where was it, asks the song, that your Prince lay down, whose home should have been a palace?—

He rowed him in a Highland plaid,  
Which covered him but sparsely,  
And slept beneath a bush o' broom—  
Oh! Wae's me for Prince Charlie.

It says much for Highland honour and fidelity that, though £30,000 was set upon the fugitive's head, not one traitor was to be found among the fifty or so individuals, many of the poorest class, who were kept aware of his whereabouts. The devotion of the people was, indeed, one of the most remarkable features of the cause: not even Culloden could shake their faith.

Come weal, come woe, we'll gather and go,  
And live or dee wi' Charlie—

This was their song, and it would no doubt have been their action if the opportunity had not been denied them.

The writer of "Wae's me for Prince Charlie" was William Glen, the burden of whose own life-song might very appropriately be "Wae's me!" Glen was a well-known Glasgow merchant, who died in 1826, aged thirty-seven. He was an exceedingly ready rhymers, and would in the course of an evening string together as many verses as would form a "broadside" of very decent dimensions, which he would sell to the nearest bookseller next morning for a few shillings. It is said of him that he was "the soul of every meeting, and scattered happiness and good-fellowship wherever he went"; but, alas! this good-fellowship became too frequently associated with good liquor, and the result was poverty and premature decease. Glen, as we have said, wrote several other songs and poems, but he is now remembered only as the author of "Wae's me for Prince Charlie." This song, we may just add, is a great favourite with her Majesty the Queen, who made a special request that it should be sung at Taymouth Castle on the occasion of her first visit to Scotland in 1842.

The name of Flora Macdonald is enshrined in many of the Jacobite songs, but particularly in one beginning—

Far over yon hills o' the heather sae green,  
And doon by the corrie that sings to the sea,  
The bonnie young Flora sat sighing her lane,  
The dew on her plaid, and the tear in her e'e.

The romantic association of this young lady with the Prince is well known to students of Scottish history, but the main details may be recounted here. After his cause had sustained the crushing blow dealt on the field of Culloden the Pretender took refuge on the island of South Uist, which was presently surrounded on all sides by ships and boats, while companies of soldiers were put on shore to search every corner and cavern in the island. In this extremity a suggestion was made to the daughter of Macdonald of Milton, then about twenty-four years of age, that she should take Charles, dressed in woman's clothes, as her maid, and conduct him out of the island to Skye. At first the young lady refused, but, being introduced to the Prince in person, his pitiable condition immediately conquered her reluctance. From her step-father she was able to get a pass for herself and for her "maid," Betty Burke, and the Prince, having donned a feminine habit, they began their hazardous journey, and reached the island of Skye in safety, where they parted company. This parting and the Prince's cause are touchingly referred to in the song we have named, the first of the two following verses being the supposed words of Charles, and the second the "lament" of Flora herself—

Farewell to my bright dreams of fame and of glory,  
Farewell, bonnie Highlands, still dear, dear to me;  
Farewell to my lost love, my soul's dearest Flora,  
My last sigh I'll give to dear Scotland and thee.

Farewell to my hero, the gallant and young,  
Farewell to the lad I shall ne'er again see;  
The conflict is past, and our name is no more,  
There's naught left but sorrow for Scotland and me.

Shortly after the incident just narrated, Flora Macdonald was arrested and carried as a rebel to London, her secret having been betrayed by the boatman who had ferried her and Charles from South Uist. After twelve months' captivity she was released, and returned to her native Highlands with some £1500, which had been collected for her chiefly among Jacobites in London. She lived to a good old age, and was to the last a firm Jacobite. Indeed, so virulent a partisan was she that it is said she would have struck any man with her fist who dared in her hearing to call Charles by his ordinary epithet, "The Pretender."

The song in its present form is from the pen of James Hogg, the "Ettrick Shepherd," who, next to Burns, is unquestionably the most distinguished of Scottish bards sprung from the ranks of the people. In his second series of Jacobite Relics, Hogg gives the song and air—under the title of "The Lament of Flora Macdonald"—with the following note: "I got the original of these verses from my friend Niel Gow, who

told me they were a translation from the Gaelic, but so rude that he could not publish them, which he wished to do on a single sheet, for the sake of the old air. On which I versified them anew, and made them a great deal better without altering one sentiment." It should be noted that the Niel Gow here referred to was not the celebrated fiddler of that name, but a grandson. Hogg, in again printing the song in 1831, says that Gow before his death confessed that the air was his own: it is certainly a beautiful one, well worthy of the name borne by him who thus claimed it.

The same poet and the same musician gave us another fine Jacobite ballad—that generally known as "Bonnie Prince Charlie"—

Cam' ye by Athol, lad with the phillabeg,  
Down by the Tummel, or banks of the Garry?  
Saw ye the lads, wi' their bonnets an' white cockades,  
Leaving their mountains to follow Prince Charlie?

Follow thee, follow thee, wha wadna follow thee?  
Lang hast thou lo'ed and trusted us fairly!  
Charlie, Charlie, wha wadna follow thee?  
King o' the Highland hearts, bonnie Prince Charlie!

Gow's air is brilliant and heart-stirring, and in the true spirit of Scottish music. And the words, how ringing, how winning, how inspiring they are! The song appeared originally in "The Border Garland," a work of which the first number only was published. The "Garland" seems to have been started by the Shepherd in order to bring his own poetical and musical compositions before the public, but as no second number was issued the presumption is that the first did not receive the looked-for encouragement. The district of Athol, to which the song refers, is one of the loveliest in the Highlands, running northwards from Dunkeld, and watered by the Garry and the Tummel. It holds within its bounds the historic Killiecrankie, as well as the Birnam of legendary fame, and it was much associated with the Jacobite cause from the beginning to the close. Another fine Jacobite ballad by Hogg may just be mentioned. This is "Come o'er the stream, 'Charlie,' a stirring song set to an equally stirring and, at the same time, beautiful air.

Come we now to the most voluminous, and perhaps the most popular, of all the later Jacobite poets. Lady Nairne may be said to have been a born Jacobite. Her father and grandfather had attended Prince Charlie during his disastrous campaign of 1745-6, and on his account underwent an exile of seventeen years; while her family on the mother's side—the Robertsons of Struan—had also been in trouble because of their devotion to the House of Stuart. Even when she came to be married, Caroline Oliphant had the memory of the Jacobite cause impressed upon her. Her husband, Captain Nairne, was heir to the attained title of Lord Nairne, which some of his ancestors had forfeited, and it was only in 1824—after he had been married for eighteen years—that the title was restored to him by George IV. Considering all these circumstances, it would have been strange if Lady Nairne, poet as she was, had not shown outstanding merit as a writer of Jacobite songs. No one of the minor bards of the country had been so favourably placed in having first-hand evidence of the stirring events connected with the defeated cause, and it was only to be expected that the singer of "The Land o' the Leal" would give to her native land more in this line than in any other.

The mere names of Lady Nairne's Jacobite songs make a considerable catalogue. "Wha'll be King but Charlie?" "Will ye no come back again?" "Charlie is my darling," "The Hundred Pipers," and "He's o'er the hills that I lo'e weel" are all from her pen. The first-named was published anonymously, like most of Lady Nairne's songs—

Come through the heather, around him gather,  
Ye'r a' the welcome early;  
Around him cling wi' a' your kin,  
For wha'll be King but Charlie?

It had composed for it a stirring and appropriate air by the celebrated Niel Gow. Nathaniel, the eldest of Niel's sons, played the air at the Caledonian Hunt Ball which was held in honour of George IV. at Edinburgh in 1822. The King, who was present, asked the musician to name the tune, when Nathaniel, with the greatest unconcern, replied, "Wha'll be King but Charlie?" Some of the courtiers were embarrassed; but his Majesty, with a smile, requested that the tune might be repeated, and often asked for it afterwards.

A very curious circumstance is said to have formed the origin of the song known as "The Hundred Pipers"—

Wi' a hundred pipers, an' a', an' a',  
Wi' a hundred pipers, an' a', an' a',  
We'll up and we'll gie them a blaw, a blaw.

On receiving the submission of the civic authorities and the surrender of the castle, the Young Pretender entered Carlisle on Monday, Nov. 18, 1745, preceded by one hundred pipers. In crossing the Esk, nothing was seen of the sturdy musicians but their heads; yet they succeeded in stemming the force of the stream, and lost not a man in the passage. When they landed on *terra firma* they struck up their instruments—gave the astonished Southerners a "blaw," as the song has it—and danced reels till they were dry. That must have been an interesting sight, truly, if also a somewhat ludicrous one! At any rate, it furnished the basis for a song which in most of its particulars is historically correct.

It is curious that in all the wide range of Jacobite poetry there is no reference to the death of Prince Charles. The event took place at Rome on Jan. 30, 1788; but several years before that the Highlanders had settled down into comparatively quiet habits and to submission to the existing powers. The Pretender's younger brother, Henry Benedict, Cardinal York, the last representative of the line, died in 1807; and now the sweet and stirring lyrics of which we have spoken in this paper are the only monuments that remain to keep the memory of the Stuarts green in the hearts of the Scottish people.

J. C. H.

The new line of thoroughfare from the Holborn Townhall to the Angel at Islington is to be named Rosebery-avenue, in compliment to the chairman of the London County Council.

Mr. Egidio Vitali reports that the shipments of Italian wines into the United Kingdom for the first seven months of 1889 were 334,378 gallons, against 295,421 for the corresponding period of last year.

The fourth annual meeting of the convention of professional and amateur photographers was opened on Aug. 19 at St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, where a large number of photographs and apparatus were on view. The annual meeting of the association was held at the rooms of the Society of Arts on the 21st; and the annual dinner at the Café Royal on the 23rd.

The Spanish Exhibition at Earl's Court is principally attractive by reason of the evening promenade concerts in the tastefully illuminated grounds, which look quite charming from the terrace of the cosy Welcome Club. To the collection of paintings inside the exhibition has been added a grand picture on a colossal scale, portraying the homeless poor asleep at the base of the Nelson Column, Trafalgar-square. This is a grim picture of London life, powerfully executed by the talented young painter, Mr. Dudley Hardy, who first exhibited it at the Paris Salon.

## "BY THE SAD SEA WAVES."

London is nearly empty! Soon it will be quite deserted! Such is the formula annually uttered at this season on what is supposed to be the best authority. Of course, a few millions of people always remain in the metropolis, for the sufficient reason that they cannot leave. Some have not the disposition to go away. Many more are inexorably detained by business or by work. A very much larger number have nowhere to go, or they lack the means of going. Perhaps of the four millions, or thereabouts, who constitute the population of London proper, excluding the more distant suburbs, one-third, at least, seldom get more of a holiday than an hour or two occasionally in one of the parks, or a day once and again in Epping Forest or down the river. For an untold number of small shopkeepers, artisans, and daily workers, life means an almost unbroken monotony from the beginning of the year to its close. A beneficent movement has been initiated in the Children's Fresh Air Fund, which, it is hoped, will attain to large dimensions. For the sum of ten shillings a poor child can be sent into the country for a fortnight, and the memory of rural sights, sounds, and fare will be a bright and beautiful possession. To assist in such a realisation would be no sacrifice to many who are about to take a more distant and prolonged flight, and it would add zest to their own enjoyment.

Fashion moves in cycles. A few years ago two or three weeks spent in modest lodgings at Brighton, Ramsgate, Yarmouth, or some similar resort sufficed to gratify the desire for a summer change. With the opening up of railway and steam-boat communication, Wales, the English lakes, Scotland, and Ireland were brought within reach of persons of moderate means. Then the Regular Swiss Round became popular. The Tyrol and Norway were next explored. As the years passed, people went farther and farther in search of change or pleasure or adventure. It can scarcely be said that they always found rest or recreation. The object seemed to be, as it still is with not a few, to cover as much ground and to call at as many places as possible in the shortest time. The common phrase is that certain countries have been "done." A few hours here, a peep there, a fresh resting-spot nearly every night, the days spent in perpetual motion, a hurried glimpse—guide-book in hand—of natural beauties and artistic marvels, with no clear recollection or proper understanding of anything in particular, form an experience by no means uncommon. Body and mind are alike jaded by the rush and whirl and confusion of such a round. Instead of being a delight, a solace, and a refreshment, pleasure taken in this way becomes an irksome and a profitless task.

Thousands of holiday-seekers cannot venture abroad. Business or family exigencies must be considered. Or there is no ambition for foreign travel. The horrors of the Channel suffice to deter many. Insular habits and prejudices influence others. Hence the watering-places that fringe our coasts receive every year an increasing number of visitors. New resorts are constantly being found. Eastbourne is not singular in the rapidity of its recent origin. Towns like Brighton and Scarborough have developed into cities. Remote fishing villages, unheard of in the last generation, are now crowded during a brief season with visitors who bring a welcome harvest to the inhabitants. One drawback is that, as everybody wants to go almost at the same time, conditions of health and comfort are somewhat strained. The normal population is suddenly doubled or quadrupled, and small houses are made to exhibit a marvellous elasticity. Probably many persons would think it hard to have to endure at home the crowding, the discomfort, and perchance the indifferent cookery for which they submit to pay at a heavy rate by the seaside. Paterfamilias grumbles, and declares it is nothing short of extortion; but he knows in his secret mind that a similar process will have to be gone through next year, and for many subsequent seasons. The ladies are omnipotent in such matters. Of course, the dear children must have a change. Besides, everyone else goes, and this is conclusive.

Whether the most or the best is made of it may be an open question. The little people undoubtedly get full value for the money. Castle-building and trench-digging on the sands and paddling in the water are sources of endless enjoyment to them. The ladies find much delight in watching the juvenile architects and engineers; and there are the added joys of marketing and shopping, and of seeing and being seen, if the place be fashionable and dressy. Occasionally there is the mild excitement of a bazaar for some benevolent object, or the thrilling event of a local regatta or of amateur athletic sports. Sometimes a little steam-boat goes off with a great splutter for a day's excursion to some neighbouring place, and every day the unwary and adventurous are beguiled into the investment of a shilling for two hours' sail, from which they usually return sadder if not wiser. There are the inevitable land-trips to churches, or castles, or glens, or country seats. Every well-regulated and properly constituted visitor is expected, as a matter of course, to perform these regulation rounds, even though he may be wholly devoid of architectural, or archaeological, or botanical, or romantic taste. It is the correct thing to do, although it is privately voted a bore.

It is in these matters that the average British father suffers most and is seen at his worst. Nature or custom has not endowed him with the resources possessed by his woman-kind. It must be admitted that time drags somewhat heavily. How to get through the day when the first charm of novelty has worn off is a problem. Here is the customary diurnal round. First of all a substantial breakfast, accompanied or followed by the letters which the morning mail has brought. Then the expectation of the London paper, with more or less of impatience. Pending its arrival, there is a short stroll on the esplanade or the beach. When it comes there is usually nothing in it. Yet it is read, advertisements and all, with more diligence and perseverance than at any other time, and it is frequently taken up for occupation or solace during the day. By its aid the morning is at last got through, until the time comes for a substantial luncheon. This entails a nap, after which there is a carriage drive and more sitting on the beach or on the pier, so as to get up an appetite for the substantial dinner which forms one of the most important events of the day. To crown all, there is a concert on the pier, and then the fatigues of the day are atoned for by the final light refreshments before bedtime.

Medical men say that persons of sedentary occupations are prone to eat more than they can assimilate. This is undoubtedly true of most of the temporary seaside denizens. If they took bodily exercise in proper kind and degree, the results would be different. Business and professional people on the shady side of forty are indisposed, as a rule, to undertake much exertion, especially when out for pleasure. It is more agreeable to be driven about, or to recline on a sofa, or to sit on the sands, or to do nothing in particular. There is no reason to be urged against such a method of taking a holiday, if physical repose be the one thing sought, and if there be no mental resources available. Only, conditions like these are not suited to unlimited eating and drinking. If the pleasures of the table be too freely indulged in at the seaside, without proportionate bodily exercise, the liver and the digestive organs are certain to rebel, and the victim will return home worse than he went.

W. H. S. A.



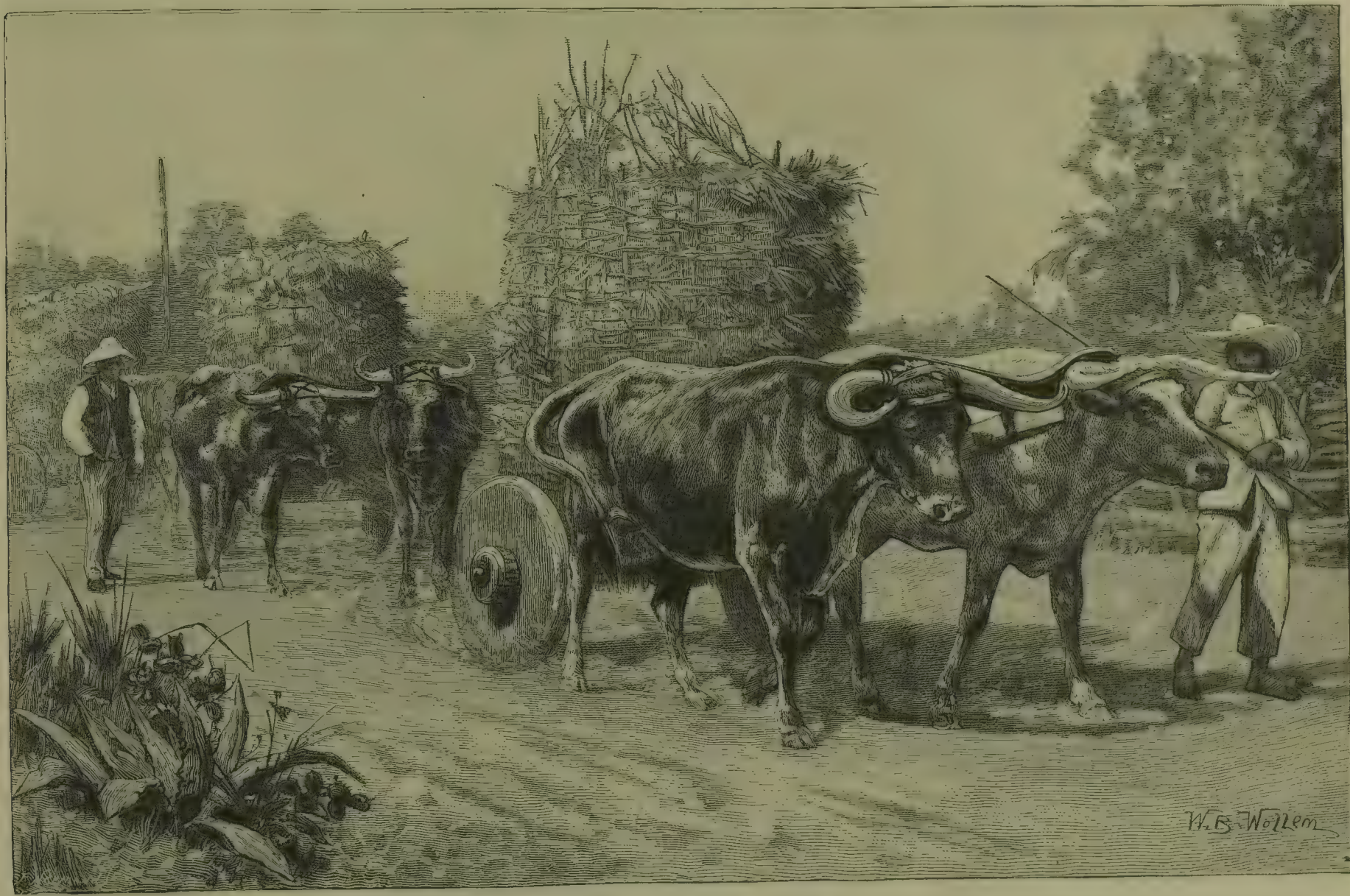
## NEW BOOKS.

*A History of Mourning.* By Richard Davey. (Jay's, Regent-street.)—Although we receive this beautiful volume from none of the ordinary book-publishers, but from one of the most eminent firms in London engaged in business connected with funeral ceremonials and costliness, it is nevertheless a work of literary and artistic interest, treating worthily of a subject which has some historical importance, and which is intimately associated with necessary experiences of domestic and social life. Mr. Richard Davey has diligently collected and neatly compiled a great variety of descriptive notes and anecdotes of the different methods of reverently putting away the corruptible body of humanity, and of showing regard for the dead, customary among civilised nations from ancient to modern times. Sepulchres, as well as ritual observances and conventional tokens of regret, are within the scope of his researches, which have no pretension to originality, and are not incumbered with any profound antiquarian controversy on doubtful themes. The Egyptian practice of embalming and mummy-making, and the construction of the Pyramids, the classic tombs of Greece, the Roman system of cremation and preservation of the ashes in urns—which were kept by patrician families in the "columbaria," or pigeon-holes, of a collective mural monument—and the use of waxen effigies representing the features of the deceased, are well known to all educated persons. There is a growing opinion, at this day, in favour of again returning to the Roman system; and Sir Henry Thompson, who is, with Sir Spencer Wells, Sir Lyon Playfair, and Lord Bramwell, among the council of the English Cremation Society, advocates its principles with much force in a little book recently published ("Modern Cremation,"

Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co., publishers). But the propriety and expediency of adopting cremation, which was practised by the early Christians as well as by other citizens of the Roman Empire, would be a controversial topic rather unsuitable to the design of the present work. The period of history, English, French, Italian, Spanish, and German, more particularly examined here with reference to celebrated funerals, is from the Middle Ages to our own generation. Abundance of details is supplied by old chroniclers and by modern newspaper reporters; and there is not a cathedral, abbey, or parish church in the country which has not its monuments the style of which, until the eighteenth century at least, is characteristic of the time, and in harmony with its funeral customs. Mr. Davey introduces short descriptions of the ceremonies attending the funerals of such historical personages as the Gothic Empress Theodolinda, in Lombardy, towards the close of the sixth century; our King Edward the Confessor in Westminster Abbey; Inez de Castro, the murdered wife of a King of Portugal; Queen Eleanor, the wife of Edward I.; Queen Elizabeth of York, wife of Henry VII., and the greater Queen Elizabeth who died in April, 1603; Mary Queen of Scots, whose portrait, a facsimile of the original drawing by Clouet, is the frontispiece to this book; the Emperor Charles V., King Philip II. of Spain, and the Archduke Albert VII. of Austria; several Kings of France, and the exiled Stuart claimant of the English throne, styled by his partisans James III., interred at Rome with great pomp in 1756. He describes also the funerals of Lord Nelson and the Duke of Wellington in St. Paul's; the reception of Napoleon's body, in 1840, at the Invalides in Paris; the funeral of the Prince Consort at Windsor, in 1861; and the funerals of President Lincoln, Lord Palmerston, Pope Pius IX., King Victor

Emmanuel, Lord Beaconsfield, Victor Hugo, the late German Emperor, and other distinguished men of our time. These accounts may not be fresh reading to those acquainted with history and with contemporary affairs; but the comparison of their details has some interest, which is enhanced by a multitude of well-selected illustrations. A few of these are engravings that have appeared in our own Journal. The volume, in outward aspect, with its decorated white cover, is truly elegant, and its pages are finely printed on the best paper. Although it comes from "Jay's General Mourning Warehouse," it may lie on the drawing-room table with other handsome publications, and is not less deserving of perusal. Copies of this work have been accepted by the Queen, the Empress Frederick of Germany, and the Princess of Wales.

*The Noted Breweries of Great Britain and Ireland.* By Alfred Barnard. Vols. I. and II. (Sir Joseph Causton and Sons.)—This important statistical and descriptive work, to be completed in three substantial volumes, gives us complete information upon the chief examples of a great branch of national industry, which has attained vast magnitude, and which now contributes, by taxation, not much under nine millions sterling to the yearly revenue of the State. There are some persons, at the present day, who entertain the opinion—which was never entertained by any persons in England in any past age—that the drinking of beer is injurious and somewhat immoral; they must also condemn the brewing of it as an extremely mischievous trade. We entirely dissent from that opinion, and therefore do not scruple to commend Mr. Alfred Barnard's subject to public favour, while acknowledging the skill and care with which his task is performed. He had previously compiled an account of the



CONVEYING FARM PRODUCE IN CHILE.

"Whisky Distilleries of the United Kingdom"; but though we hold the occasional use of spirituous liquors, as a medicinal cordial, to be salutary in special cases, we should not rejoice in its increase as a symptom of our social condition. The twenty-nine millions of barrels annually turned out of British breweries, supposing everybody to drink only half a pint at a time, would be productive of a vast amount of comfort without the slightest harm to body or soul; and there is less temptation to excess in beer than in wine or spirits. With this persuasion, we decline to join in the cry against the great brewers, or to regard those among them as hypocrites who have, in London, Dublin, Derbyshire, and Liverpool, notably figured as munificent local benefactors or active philanthropists and political or social reformers. The first volume of "Noted Breweries," which was received some months ago, contains minute descriptions of the great establishments of Messrs. Arthur Guinness, Son, and Co. (Limited Liability Company), at Dublin; Messrs. Bass and Co. (Limited), at Burton; and Messrs. Samuel Allsopp and Sons (Limited), at Burton—three firms which have raised their former heads to the Peerage; Messrs. Truman, Hanbury, Buxton, and Co., of London and Burton; Messrs. Barclay, Perkins, and Co., of London; Messrs. Combe and Co., of Long Acre, London; Messrs. Charrington and Co., of Mile-end; Messrs. Watney and Co. (Limited), of Pimlico; Messrs. Mann, Crossman, and Paulin, of Mile-end and of Burton; Messrs. Worthington and Co., of Burton; and Messrs. L. and G. Meakin, maltsters, of that town. The famous Burton breweries have, upon more than one particular occasion, been described and illustrated in our own Journal; but the author of this book has been enabled to inspect all their details, and to obtain an accurate knowledge of their operations, beyond the opportunities of a general reporter. Without attempting to follow him in these complicated processes, which he explains precisely and clearly, we recognise the value of his reports, and of the numerous illustrations by which they are enlivened and assisted. His second volume, recently published, is of a similar character, recording all that he has seen, and all that he has

learnt by personal inquiries, at the esteemed breweries of Messrs. Ind, Coope, and Co. (Limited), of London, Romford, and Burton; Messrs. Courage and Co. and Reid and Co., London; Messrs. Meux and Co., London; Messrs. Whitbread and Co., London; Messrs. Stansfeld and Co., Fulham; and the City of London Brewery Company; and at the following provincial establishments—viz.: Messrs. W. Younger and Co. (Limited), of Edinburgh; A. B. Walker and Sons, Salt and Co., Peter Walker and Sons, J. Eadie, Bindley, and Marston, of Burton; Peter Walker and Sons, Warrington; W. Butler and Co., Wolverhampton; Anglo-Bavarian Brewery, Shepton Mallett; W. J. Rogers and C. Garton, Bristol; Findlater and Co., Jamieson, Pim, and Co., Watkins, and D'Arcy, of Dublin; Beamish and Crawford, of Cork; G. Younger and Son, Alloa; R. and D. Sharp, Blackford; and H. Baird and Sons (maltsters), of Glasgow. There will probably be many readers to whom some one or another of these establishments may be interesting from local or business connections, which is our reason for enumerating them all.

The Victoria Hall, the first People's Palace for South London, has been reopened with variety entertainments.

The Early Norman Church of Upper Helmsley, near York, has been enriched by a stained-glass window from the studio of Mr. Taylor, of Berners-street, the gift of the Farrow family, in memory of their parents.

Thirteen steamers arrived at Liverpool in the week ending Aug. 24 with live stock and fresh meat from American and Canadian ports; the total arrivals being 5057 cattle, 1518 sheep, and 16,967 quarters of beef.

"Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, and Plate" is the title of a book just published by J. W. Benson, which contains nearly 200 pages of illustrations. It is by far the most complete work of its kind issued, and it will be sent post-free to any part of the world by J. W. Benson, of the Steam Factory, 62 and 64, Ludgate-hill, E.C., or from his West-End house, 25, Old Bond-street, W., London.

## SKETCHES IN CHILE.

The recent expedition of our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, to the Pacific Ocean coast of South America, especially to the thriving and progressive Republic of Chile, has furnished us with Sketches of considerable interest, a few of which have already been published. Chile—owing, perhaps, to its more temperate climate, as well as to the habits of more energetic self-reliance fostered by its historical conditions when it was a colony of Spain—appears to succeed better as an independent State than most of the other Spanish American communities. Its population, exceeding two millions, of whom 300,000 are reckoned to be of pure Spanish descent, and the remainder mingled with vigorous native races, has the elements of a robust nationality, which is probably destined to attain greater political importance than any other of similar mixed composition. Its present Constitution has been steadily maintained since 1833, without the military revolts and civil wars that long afflicted Peru and the Argentine or River Plata Confederation; and it has proved much stronger than Peru in the fierce war, by land and sea, that terminated a few years ago. We may, on a future occasion, describe the capital city, Santiago; and the great commercial seaport, Valparaiso, which latter city is one of the most flourishing and improving in the Southern hemisphere. The mineral wealth of the southern provinces, besides the Arauco coal-mines, which have been noticed, promises great future prosperity to Chile, and is already developed to a large extent. Agriculture, in many districts, as we learn from Mr. R. Nelson Boyd's book lately quoted, is diligently and skilfully practised under most favourable conditions of soil and climate. The crops are usually so abundant as to repay the Chilean farmer handsomely for his care and labour. Wheat, barley, maize, beans, peas, potatoes, and hay are grown largely in the south of Chile. Our illustration of the primitive-looking ox-carts, with their huge basket-work receptacles for all kinds of farm produce, will be regarded as a curiosity; but some rustic vehicles used in Spain and Portugal are not very unlike them.



## BLIND LOVE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

[The Right of Translation is Reserved.]

## CHAPTER XIV.

THE LADY'S MAID.



IT was not easy to form a positive opinion of the young woman who now presented herself in Miss Henley's room. If the Turkish taste is truly reported as valuing beauty in the female figure more than beauty in the female face, Fanny Mere's personal appearance might have found, in Constantinople, the approval which she failed to receive in London. Slim and well-balanced, firmly and neatly made, she interested men who met with her by accident (and sometimes even women), if they happened to be walking

behind her. When they quickened their steps and, passing on, looked back at her face, they lost all interest in Fanny from that moment. Painters would have described the defect in her face as "want of colour." She was one of the whitest of fair female human beings. Light flaxen hair, faint blue eyes with no expression in them, and a complexion which looked as if it had never been stirred by a circulation of blood, produced an effect on her fellow-creatures in general which made them insensible to the beauty of her figure, and the grace of her movements. There was no betrayal of bad health in her strange pallor: on the contrary, she suggested the idea of rare physical strength. Her quietly respectful manner was, so to say, emphasised by an underlying self-possession, which looked capable of acting promptly and fearlessly in the critical emergencies of life. Otherwise, the expression of character in her face was essentially passive. Here was a steady resolute young woman, possessed of qualities which failed to show themselves on the surface—whether good qualities or bad qualities experience alone could determine.

Finding it impossible, judging by a first impression, to arrive at any immediate decision favourable or adverse to the stranger, Iris opened the interview with her customary frankness; leaving the consequences to follow as they might.

"Take a seat, Fanny," she said, "and let us try if we can understand each other. I think you will agree with me that there must be no concealments between us. You ought to know that your mistress has told me why she parted with you. It was her duty to tell me the truth, and it is my duty not to be unjustly prejudiced against you after what I have heard. Pray believe me when I say that I don't know, and don't wish to know, what your temptation may have been."

"I beg your pardon, Miss, for interrupting you. My temptation was vanity."

Whether she did or did not suffer in making that confession, it was impossible to discover. Her tones were quiet; her manner was unobtrusively respectful; the pallor of her face was not disturbed by the slightest change of colour. Was the new maid an insensible person? Iris began to fear already that she might have made a mistake.

"I don't expect you to enter into particulars," she said; "I don't ask you here to humiliate yourself."

"When I got your letter, Miss, I tried to consider how I might show myself worthy of your kindness," Fanny answered. "The one way I could see was not to let you think better of me than I deserve. When a person, like me, is told, for the first time, that her figure makes amends for her face, she is flattered by the only compliment that has been paid to her in all her life. My excuse, Miss (if I have an excuse), is a mean one—I couldn't resist a compliment. That is all I have to say."

Iris began to alter her opinion. This was not a young woman of the ordinary type. It began to look possible, and more than possible, that she was worthy of a helping hand. The truth seemed to be in her.

"I understand you, and feel for you," Having replied in those words, Iris wisely and delicately changed the subject. "Let me hear how you are situated at the present time," she continued. "Are your parents living?"

"My father and mother are dead, Miss."

"Have you any other relatives?"

"They are too poor to be able to do anything for me. I have lost my character—and I am left to help myself."

"Suppose you fail to find another situation?" Iris suggested.

"Yes, Miss?"

"How can you help yourself?"

"I can do what other girls have done."

"What do you mean?"

"Some of us starve on needlework. Some take to the streets. Some end it in the river. If there is no other chance for me, I think I shall try that way," said the poor creature, as quietly as if she was speaking of some customary prospect that was open to her. "There will be nobody to be sorry for me—and, as I have read, drowning is not a very painful death."

"You shock me, Fanny! I, for one, should be sorry for you."

"Thank you, Miss."

"And try to remember," Iris continued, "that there may be chances in the future which you don't see yet. You speak of what you have read, and I have already noticed how clearly and correctly you express yourself. You must have been educated. Was it at home? or at school?"

"I was once sent to school," Fanny replied, not quite willingly.

"Was it a private school?"

"Yes."

That short answer warned Iris to be careful.

"Recollections of school," she said goodhumouredly, "are not the pleasantest recollections in some of our lives. Perhaps I have touched on a subject which is disagreeable to you?"

"You have touched on one of my disappointments, Miss. While my mother lived, she was my teacher. After her death, my father sent me to school. When he failed in business, I was obliged to leave, just as I had begun to learn and like it. Besides, the girls found out that I was going away, because there was no money at home to pay the fees—and that mortified me. There is more that I might tell you. I have a reason for hating my recollections of the school—but I mustn't mention that time in my life which your goodness to me tries to forget."

All that appealed to her, so simply and so modestly, in that reply, was not lost on Iris. After an interval of silence, she said:—

"Can you guess what I am thinking of, Fanny?"

"No, Miss."

"I am asking myself a question. If I try you in my service shall I never regret it?"

For the first time, strong emotion shook Fanny Mere. Her voice failed her, in the effort to speak. Iris considerably went on.

"You will take the place," she said, "of a maid who has been with me for years—a good dear creature who has only left me through ill health. I must not expect too much of you; I cannot hope that you will be to me what Rhoda Bennet has been."

Fanny succeeded in controlling herself. "Is there any hope," she asked, "of my seeing Rhoda Bennet?"

"Why do you wish to see her?"

"You are fond of her, Miss—that is one reason."

"And the other?"

"Rhoda Bennet might help me to serve you as I want to serve you; she might perhaps encourage me to try if I could follow her example." Fanny paused, and clasped her hands fervently. The thought that was in her forced its way to expression. "It's so easy to feel grateful," she said—"and, oh, so hard to show it!"

"Come to me," her new mistress answered, "and show it to-morrow."

Moved by that compassionate impulse, Iris said the words which restored to an unfortunate creature a lost character and a forfeited place in the world.

## CHAPTER XV.

MR. HENLEY'S TEMPER.

Provided by Nature with ironclad constitutional defences against illness, Mr. Henley was now and then troubled with groundless doubts of his own state of health. Acting under a delusion of this kind, he imagined symptoms which rendered a change of residence necessary from his town house to his country house, a few days only after his daughter had decided on the engagement of her new maid.

Iris gladly, even eagerly, adapted her own wishes to the furtherance of her father's plans. Sorely tried by anxiety and suspense, she needed all that rest and tranquillity could do for her. The first week in the country produced an improvement in her health. Enjoying the serene beauty of woodland and field, breathing the delicious purity of the air—sometimes cultivating her own corner in the garden, and sometimes helping the women in the lighter labours of the dairy—her nerves recovered their tone, and her spirits rose again to their higher level.

In the performance of her duties the new maid justified Miss Henley's confidence in her, during the residence of the household in the country.

She showed, in her own undemonstrative way, a grateful sense of her mistress's kindness. Her various occupations were intelligently and attentively pursued; her even temper never seemed to vary; she gave the servants no opportunities of complaining of her. But one peculiarity in her behaviour excited hostile remark, below-stairs. On the occasions when she was free to go out for the day, she always found some excuse for not joining any of the other female servants, who might happen to be similarly favoured. The one use she made of her holiday was to travel by railway to some place unknown; always returning at the right time in the evening. Iris knew enough of the sad circumstances to be able to respect her motives, and to appreciate the necessity for keeping the object of those solitary journeys a secret from her fellow-servants.

The pleasant life in the country house had lasted for nearly a month, when the announcement of Hugh's approaching return to England reached Iris. The fatal end of his father's long and lingering illness had arrived, and the funeral had taken place. Business, connected with his succession to the property, would detain him in London for a few days. Submitting to this necessity, he earnestly expressed

the hope of seeing Iris again, the moment he was at liberty.

Hearing the good news, Mr. Henley obstinately returned to his plans—already twice thwarted—for promoting the marriage of Mountjoy and Iris.

He wrote to invite Hugh to his house in a tone of cordiality which astonished his daughter; and when the guest arrived, the genial welcome of the host had but one defect—Mr. Henley overacted his part. He gave the two young people perpetual opportunities of speaking to each other privately; and, on the principle that none are so blind as those who won't see, he failed to discover that the relations between them continued to be relations of friendship, do what he might. Hugh's long attendance on his dying father had left him depressed in spirits; Iris understood him, and felt for him. He was not ready with his opinion of the new maid, after he had seen Fanny Mere. "My inclination," he said, "is to trust the girl. And yet, I hesitate to follow my inclination—and I don't know why."

When Hugh's visit came to an end, he continued his journey in a northerly direction. The property left to him by his father included a cottage, standing in its own grounds, on the Scotch shore of the Solway Firth. The place had been neglected during the long residence of the elder Mr. Mountjoy on the Continent. Hugh's present object was to judge, by his own investigation, of the necessity for repairs.

On the departure of his guest, Mr. Henley (still obstinately hopeful of the marriage on which he had set his mind) assumed a jocular manner towards Iris, and asked if the Scotch cottage was to be put in order for the honeymoon. Her reply, gently as it was expressed, threw him into a state of fury. His vindictive temper revelled, not only in harsh words, but in spiteful actions. He sold one of his dogs which had specially attached itself to Iris; and, seeing that she still enjoyed the country, he decided on returning to London.

She submitted in silence. But the events of that past time, when her father's merciless conduct had driven her out of his house, returned ominously to her memory. She said to herself: "Is a day coming when I shall leave him again?" It was coming—and she little knew how.



Sometimes cultivating her own corner in the garden.





DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.

*Close at their feet, in a hollow of the ground, was stretched the insensible body of a man.*

## CHAPTER XVI.

## THE DOCTOR IN FULL DRESS.

Mr. Henley's household had been again established in London, when a servant appeared one morning with a visiting card, and announced that a gentleman had called who wished to see Miss Henley. She looked at the card. The gentleman was Mr. Vimpany.

On the point of directing the man to say that she was engaged, Iris checked herself.

Mrs. Vimpany's farewell words had produced a strong impression on her. There had been moments of doubt and gloom in her later life, when the remembrance of that unhappy woman was associated with a feeling (perhaps a morbid feeling) of self-reproach. It seemed to be hard on the poor penitent wretch not to have written to her. Was she still leading the same dreary life in the mouldering old town? Or had she made another attempt to return to the ungrateful stage? The gross husband impudently presenting himself with his card and his message, could answer those questions if he could do

nothing else. For that reason only, Iris decided that she would receive Mr. Vimpany.

On entering the room, she found two discoveries awaiting her, for which she was entirely unprepared.

The doctor's personal appearance exhibited a striking change; he was dressed, in accordance with the strictest notions of professional propriety, entirely in black. More remarkable still, there happened to be a French novel among the books on the table—and that novel Mr. Vimpany, barbarous Mr. Vimpany, was actually reading with an appearance of understanding it!

"I seem to surprise you," said the doctor. "Is it this?" He held up the French novel as he put the question.

"I must own that I was not aware of the range of your accomplishments," Iris answered.

"Oh, don't talk of accomplishments! I learnt my profession in Paris. For nigh on three years I lived among the French medical students. Noticing this book on the table, I thought I would try whether I had forgotten the language—in the time that has passed (you know) since those days. Well,

my memory isn't a good one in most things, but, strange to say (force of habit, I suppose), some of my French sticks by me still. I hope I see you well, Miss Henley. Might I ask if you noticed the new address, when I sent up my card?"

"I only noticed your name."

The doctor produced his pocket-book, and took out a second card. With pride he pointed to the address: "5, Redburn Road, Hampstead Heath." With pride he looked at his black clothes. "Strictly professional, isn't it?" he said. "I have bought a new practice; and I have become a new man. It isn't easy at first. No, by jingo—I beg your pardon—I was about to say, my own respectability rather bothers me; I shall get used to it in time. If you will allow me, I'll take a liberty. No offence, I hope?"

He produced a handfull of his cards, and laid them out in a neat little semi-circle on the table.

"A word of recommendation, when you have the chance, would be a friendly act on your part," he explained. "Capital air in Redburn Road, and a fine view of the Heath out of the garret windows—but it's rather an out-of-the-way situation.



Not that I complain; beggars mustn't be choosers. I should have preferred a practice in a fashionable part of London; but our little windfall of money—"

He came to a full-stop in the middle of a sentence. The sale of the superb diamond pin, by means of which Lord Harry had repaid Mrs. Vimpany's services, was, of all domestic events, the last which it might be wise to mention in the presence of Miss Henley. He was awkwardly silent. Taking advantage of that circumstance, Iris introduced the subject in which she felt interested.

"How is Mrs. Vimpany?" she asked.

"Oh, she's all right!"

"Does she like your new house?"

The doctor made a strange reply. "I really can't tell you," he said.

"Do you mean that Mrs. Vimpany declines to express an opinion?"

He laughed. "In all my experience," he said, "I never met with a woman who did that! No, no; the fact is, my wife and I have parted company. There's no need to look so serious about it! Incompatibility of temper, as the saying is, has led us to a friendly separation. Equally a relief on both sides. She goes her way, and I go mine."

His tone disgusted Iris—and she let him see it. "Is it of any use to ask you for Mrs. Vimpany's address?" she inquired.

His atrocious good-humour kept its balance as steadily as ever: "Sorry to disappoint you. Mrs. Vimpany hasn't given me her address. Curious, isn't it? The fact is, she moped a good deal, after you left us; talked of her duty, and the care of her soul, and that sort of thing. When I hear where she is, I'll let you know with pleasure. To the best of my belief, she's doing nurse's work somewhere."

"Nurse's work? What do you mean?"

"Oh, the right thing—all in the fashion. She belongs to what they call a Sisterhood; goes about, you know, in a shabby black gown, with a poke bonnet. At least, so Lord Harry told me the other day."

In spite of herself, Iris betrayed the agitation which those words instantly roused in her. "Lord Harry!" she exclaimed. "Where is he? In London?"

"Yes—at Parker's Hotel."

"When did he return?"

"Oh, a few days ago; and—what do you think?—he's come back from the gold-fields a lucky man. Damn it, I've let the cat out of the bag! I was to keep the thing a secret from everybody, and from you most particularly. He's got some surprise in store for you. Don't tell him what I've done! We had a little misunderstanding, in past days, at Honey-buzzard—and, now we are friends again, I don't want to lose his lordship's interest."

Iris promised to be silent. But to know that the wild lord was in England again, and to remain in ignorance whether he had, or had not, returned with the stain of bloodshed on him, was more than she could endure.

"There is one question I must ask you," she said. "I have reason to fear that Lord Harry left this country, with a purpose of revenge—"

Mr. Vimpany wanted no further explanation. "Yes, yes; I know. You may be easy about that. There's been no mischief done, either one way or the other. The man he was after, when he landed in South Africa (he told me so himself) has escaped him."

With that reply, the doctor got up in a hurry to bring his visit to an end. He proposed to take to flight, he remarked

facetiously, before Miss Henley wheedled him into saying anything more.

After opening the door, however, he suddenly returned to Iris, and added a last word in the strictest confidence.

"If you won't forget to recommend me to your friends," he said, "I'll trust you with another secret. You will see his lordship in a day or two, when he returns from the races. Good-bye."

The races! What was Lord Harry doing at the races?

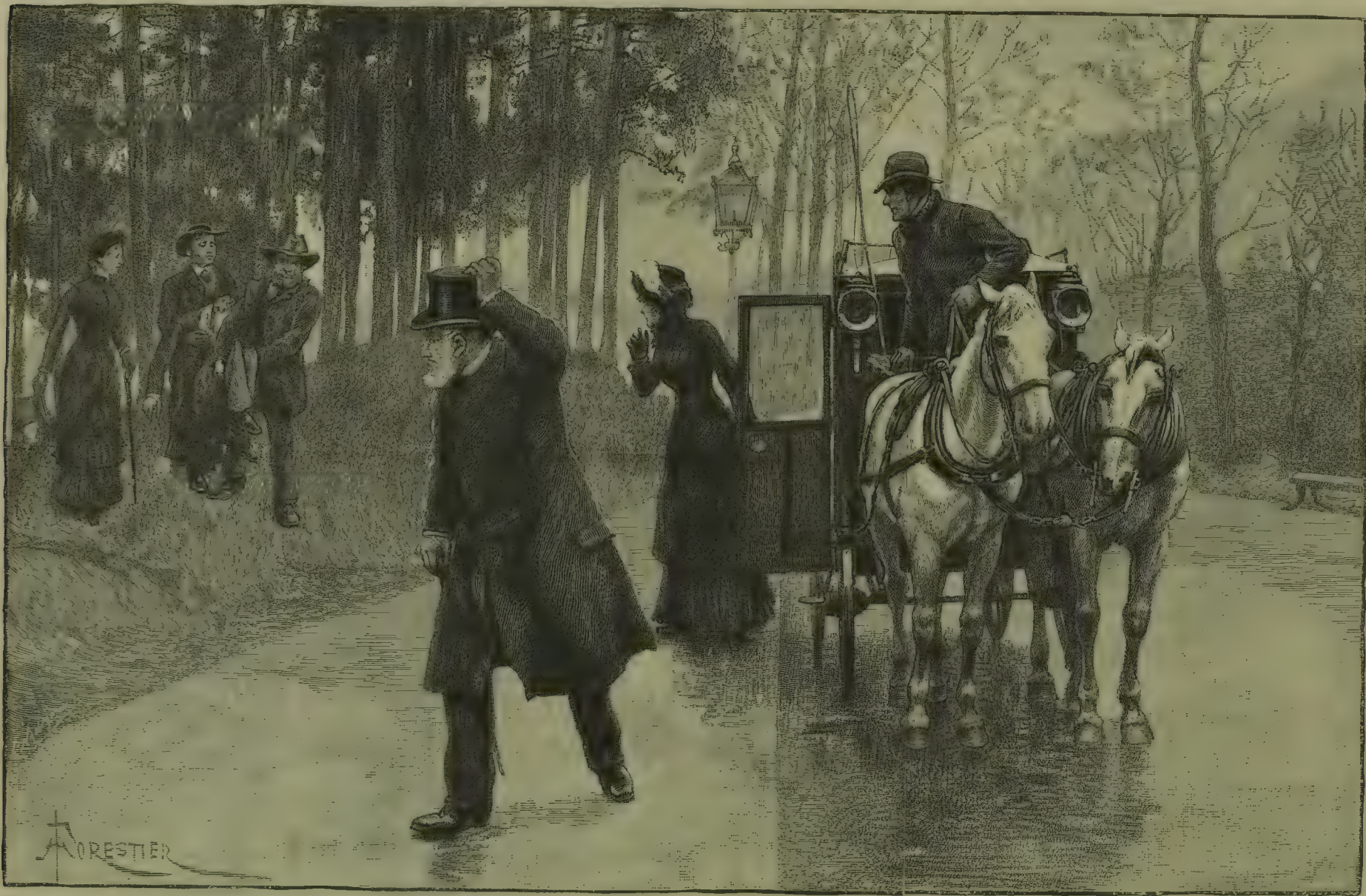
## CHAPTER XVII.

### ON HAMPSTEAD HEATH.

Iris had only to remember the manner in which she and Mountjoy had disappointed her father, to perceive the serious necessity of preventing Mountjoy's rival from paying a visit at Mr. Henley's house.

She wrote at once to Lord Harry, at the hotel which Mr. Vimpany had mentioned, entreating him not to think of calling on her. Being well aware that he would insist on a meeting, she engaged to write again and propose an appointment. In making this concession, Iris might have found it easier to persuade herself that she was yielding to sheer necessity, if she had not been guiltily conscious of a feeling of pleasure at the prospect of seeing Lord Harry again, returning to her an innocent man. There was some influence, in this train of thought, which led her mind back to Hugh. She regretted his absence—wondered whether he would have proposed throwing her letter to the Irish lord into the fire—sighed, closed the envelope, and sent the letter to the post.

On the next day, she had arranged to drive to Muswell Hill, and to pay the customary visit to Rhoda. Heavy rain obliged



*He walked off; and, by way of completing the revelation of his own meanness, forgot to pay his fare.*

her to wait for a fitter opportunity. It was only on the third day that the sky cleared, and the weather was favourable again. On a sunshiny autumn morning, with a fine keen air blowing, she ordered the open carriage. Noticing, while Fanny Mere was helping her to dress, that the girl looked even paler than usual, she said, with her customary kindness to persons dependent on her, "You look as if a drive in the fresh air would do you good—you shall go with me to the farm, and see Rhoda Bennet."

When they stopped at the house, the farmer's wife appeared, attending a gentleman to the door. Iris at once recognised the local medical man. "You're not in attendance, I hope, on Rhoda Bennet?" she said.

The doctor acknowledged that there had been some return of the nervous derangement from which the girl suffered. He depended mainly (he said) on the weather allowing her to be out as much as possible in the fresh air, and on keeping her free from all agitation. Rhoda was so far on the way to recovery, that she was now walking in the garden by his advice. He had no fear of her, provided she was not too readily encouraged, in her present state, to receive visitors. Her mistress would be, of course, an exception to this rule. But even Miss Henley would perhaps do well not to excite the girl by prolonging her visit. There was one other suggestion, which he would venture to make, while he had the opportunity. Rhoda was not, as he thought, warmly enough clothed for the time of year; and a bad cold might be easily caught by a person in her condition.

Iris entered the farm-house, leaving Fanny Mere, after what the doctor had said on the subject of visitors, to wait for her in the carriage.

After an absence of barely ten minutes Miss Henley returned; personally changed, not at all to her own advantage, by the introduction of a novelty in her dress. She had gone into the farm-house, wearing a handsome mantle of sealskin.

When she came out again, the mantle had vanished, and there appeared in its place a common cloak of drab-coloured cloth. Noticing the expression of blank amazement in the maid's face, Iris burst out laughing.

"How do you think I look in my new cloak?" she asked.

Fanny saw nothing to laugh at in the sacrifice of a sealskin mantle. "I must not presume, Miss, to give an opinion," she said gravely.

"At any rate," Iris continued, "you must be more than mortal if my change of costume doesn't excite your curiosity. I found Rhoda Bennet in the garden, exposed to the cold wind in this ugly flimsy thing. After what the doctor had told me, it was high time to assert my authority. I insisted on changing cloaks with Rhoda. She made an attempt, poor dear, to resist; but she knows me of old—and I had my way. I am sorry you have been prevented from seeing her; you shall not miss the opportunity when she is well again. Do you admire a fine view? Very well; we will vary the drive on our return. Go back," she said to the coachman, "by Highgate and Hampstead."

Fanny's eyes rested on the shabby cloak with a well-founded distrust of it as a protection against the autumn weather. She ventured to suggest that her mistress might feel the loss (in an open carriage) of the warm mantle which she had left on Rhoda's shoulders.

Iris made light of the doubt expressed by her maid. But by the time they had passed Highgate, and had approached the beginning of the straight road which crosses the high ridge of Hampstead Heath, she was obliged to acknowledge that she did indeed feel the cold. "You ought to be a good walker," she said, looking at her maid's firm well-knit figure. "Exercise is all I want to warm me. What do you say to going home on foot?" Fanny was ready and willing to accompany her mistress. The carriage was dismissed, and they set forth on their walk.

As they passed the inn, called "The Spaniards," two women who were standing at the garden gate stared at Iris, and smiled. A few paces farther on, they were met by an errand-boy. He too looked at the young lady, and put his hand derisively to his head, with a shrill whistle expressive of malicious enjoyment. "I appear to amuse these people," Iris said. "What do they see in me?"

Fanny answered with an effort to preserve her gravity, which was not quite successfully disguised: "I beg your pardon, Miss; I think they notice the curious contrast between your beautiful bonnet and your shabby cloak."

Persons of excitable temperament have a sense of ridicule, and a dread of it, unintelligible to their fellow-creatures who are made of coarser material. For the moment, Iris was angry. "Why didn't you tell me of it," she asked sharply, "before I sent away the carriage? How can I walk back, with everybody laughing at me?"

She paused—reflected a little—and led the way off the high road, on the right, to the fine clump of fir-trees which commands the famous view in that part of the Heath.

"There's but one thing to be done," she said, recovering her good temper; "we must make my grand bonnet suit itself to my miserable cloak. You will pull out the feather and rip off the lace (and keep them for yourself, if you like), and then I ought to look shabby enough from head to foot, I am sure! No; not here; they may notice us from the road—and what may the fools not do when they see you tearing the ornaments off my bonnet! Come down below the trees, where the ground will hide us."

They had nearly descended the steep slope which leads to the valley, below the clump of firs, when they were stopped by a terrible discovery.

Close at their feet, in a hollow of the ground, was stretched the insensible body of a man. He lay on his side, with his face turned away from them. An open razor had dropped



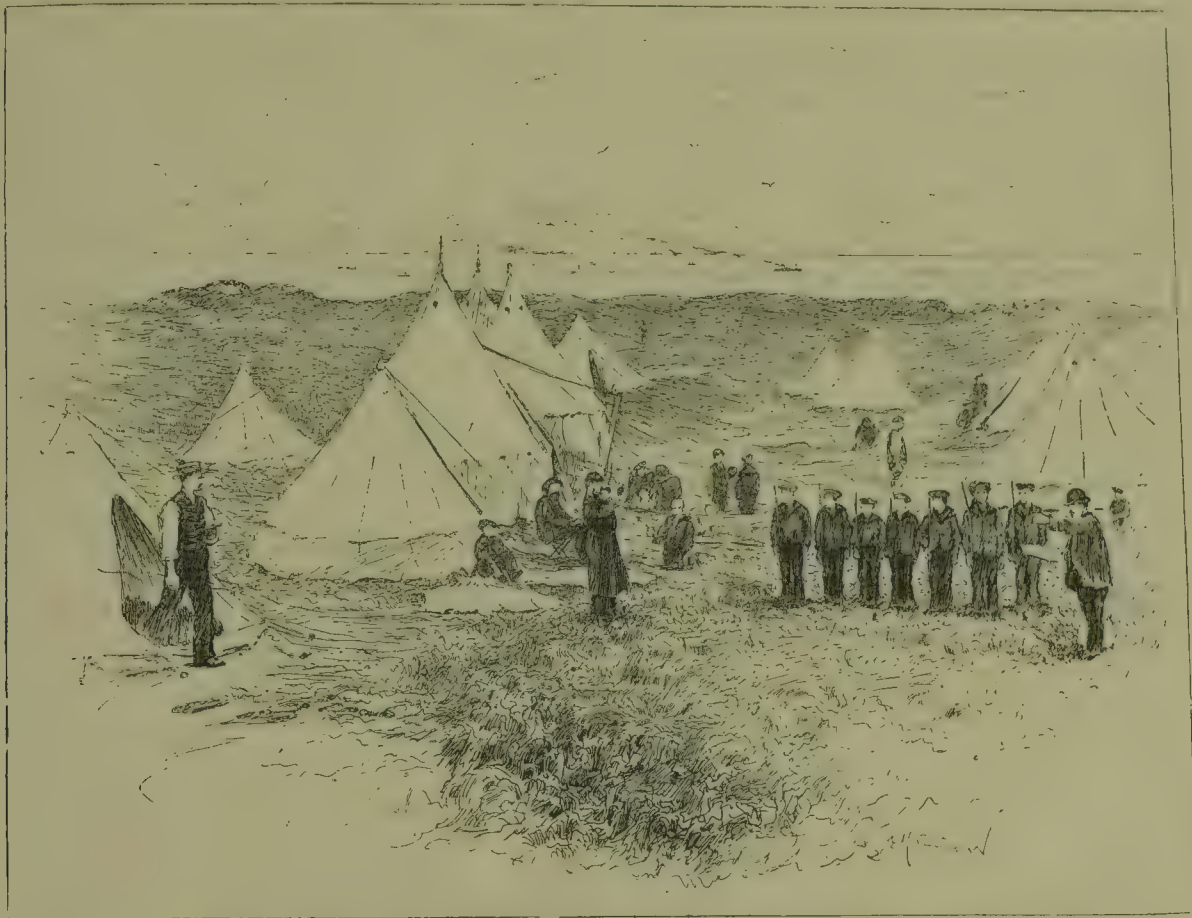
close by him. Iris stooped over the prostrate man, to examine his face. Blood flowing from a frightful wound in his throat, was the first thing that she saw. Her eyes closed instinctively, recoiling from that ghastly sight. The next instant she opened them again, and saw his face.

Dying, or dead, it was the face of Lord Harry.

The shriek that burst from her, on making that horrible discovery, was heard by two men who were crossing the lower

Finding the cab left at her disposal, Iris actually thanked him! He looked at her with an evil eye. "I have my suspicions, I can tell you," he muttered. "If this comes to a trial in a court of law, I'm not going to be mixed up with it. Innocent people have been hanged before now, when appearances were against them."

He walked off; and, by way of completing the revelation of his own meanness, forgot to pay his fare.



THE SEASIDE CAMP FOR LONDON BOYS AT DEAL: MORNING BUGLE CALL.

heath at some distance. They saw the women, and ran to them. One of the men was a labourer; the other, better dressed, looked like a foreman of works. He was the first who arrived on the spot.

"Enough to frighten you out of your senses, ladies," he said civilly. "It's a case of suicide, I should say, by the look of it."

"For God's sake, let us do something to help him!" Iris burst out. "I know him! I know him!"

Fanny, equal to the emergency, asked Miss Henley for her handkerchief, joined her own handkerchief to it, and began to bandage the wound. "Try if his pulse is beating," she said quietly to her mistress. The foreman made himself useful by examining the suicide's pockets. Iris thought she could detect a faint fluttering in the pulse. "Is there no doctor living near?" she cried. "Is there no carriage to be found in this horrible place?"

The foreman had discovered two letters. Iris read her own name on one of them. The other was addressed "To the person who may find my body." She tore the envelope open. It contained one of Mr. Vimpany's cards, with these desperate words written on it in pencil: "Take me to the doctor's address, and let him bury me, or dissect me, whichever he pleases." Iris showed the card to the foreman. "Is it near here?" she asked. "Yes, Miss; we might get him to that place in no time, if there was a conveyance of any kind to be found." Still preserving her presence of mind, Fanny pointed in the direction of The Spaniards Inn. "We might get what we want there," she said. "Shall I go?"

Iris signed to her to attend to the wounded man, and ascended the sloping ground. She ran on towards the road. The men, directed by Fanny, raised the body and slowly followed her, diverging to an easier ascent. As Iris reached the road, a four-wheel-cab passed her. Without an instant's hesitation, she called to the driver to stop. He pulled up his horse. She confronted a solitary gentleman, staring out of the window of the cab, and looking as if he thought that a lady had taken a liberty with him. Iris allowed the outraged stranger no opportunity of expressing his sentiments. Breathless as she was, she spoke first.

"Pray forgive me—you are alone in the cab—there is room for a gentleman, dangerously wounded—he will bleed to death, if we don't find help for him—the place is close by—oh, don't refuse me!" She looked back, holding fast by the cab door, and saw Fanny and the men slowly approaching. "Bring him here!" she cried.

"Do nothing of the sort!" shouted the gentleman in possession of the cab.

But Fanny obeyed her mistress; and the men obeyed Fanny. Iris turned indignantly to the merciless stranger. "I ask you to do an act of Christian kindness," she said. "How can you, how dare you, hesitate?"

"Drive on!" cried the stranger.

"Drive on, at your peril," Iris added, on her side.

The cabman sat, silent and stolid on the box, waiting for events.

Slowly the men came in view, bearing Lord Harry, still insensible. The handkerchiefs on his throat were saturated with blood. At that sight, the cowardly instincts of the stranger completely mastered him. "Let me out!" he clamoured; "let me out!"

On the point of starting the horse to pursue him, the cabman was effectually stopped. Iris showed him a sovereign. Upon this hint (like Othello) he spoke.

"All right, Miss. I see your poor gentleman is a-bleeding. You'll take care—won't you?—that he doesn't spoil my cushions." The driver was not an ill-conditioned man; he put the case of his property indulgently, with a persuasive smile. Iris turned to the two worthy fellows, who had so readily given her their help, and bade them good-bye, with a solid expression of her gratitude which they both remembered for many a long day to come. Fanny was already in the cab supporting Lord Harry's body. Iris joined her. The cabman drove carefully to Mr. Vimpany's new house.

(To be continued.)

An important Treasury minute upon the second report of the Royal Commission on Civil Establishments has been issued. The Treasury concur with many of the recommendations of the Commission, and state the measures which they have taken to give effect to them.

## THE SEASIDE CAMP FOR LONDON BOYS.

This institution, the very name of which is refreshing, has opened its first campaign in the present summer, having imitated the successful examples of last year at Newcastle-on-Tyne and Liverpool, the latter connected, we believe, with Manchester. Its design is to provide an opportunity for industrious and well-behaved working-class lads employed in town, between fourteen and seventeen years of age, to be sent, on the recommendation of subscribers, or of the managers of town parochial clubs and institutes, for a week or fortnight to the seaside, where their bodies and minds will be invigorated by fresh air, sea-bathing, and healthy recreation.

The "London Diocesan Council for the Welfare of Working Men," of which the Bishop of London is president and the Duke of Westminster is chairman, Lord Wolseley, the Bishops of Marlborough and Bedford, the Earl of Meath, and the Right Hon. W. H. Smith, M.P., being also patrons, has taken up this project. It originated in London, as we understand, with the Rev. Sadler Phillips, Curate of All Saints, Haggerston, who acts as honorary chaplain. The chairman of the managing committee is the Rev. Prebendary Whittington; it includes Archdeacon Farrar and several other London clergymen, London medical men, and employers of labour. The offices are in Northumberland Chambers, Northumberland-avenue, where Mr. Mosse Macdonald, the secretary, will be glad to receive subscriptions.

The first Seaside Camp was opened at Midsummer, in an isolated position on the Sandhills, two miles north-east of the town of Deal. A large marquee is pitched, capable of feeding fifty lads, and round are about twenty army bell-tents, a store-tent, and a Broad Arrow kitchen quite on the military camp system. Two miles across, in a direct line, are the Goodwin Sands. To the north, after rounding Pegwell Bay, stand the town and heights of Ramsgate.

The camp commandant is Major Urquhart, late of the Royal Irish Fusiliers, whose cheery voice may be continually heard encouraging and directing the work and pleasures of the lads. Assisting in the general work is Sergeant-Major Marchant, of the Coldstream Guards, whose chief duty is to drill the boys and superintend any work required. He is supported by Sergeant Graves, who combines other duties with that of clerk, cook, and storekeeper. Each boy is provided with two blankets, a waterproof sheet, and a pillow. They sleep eight in a tent, taking their meals in a large marquee. The lads wear a blue serge jumper and a man-of-war's cap, and, if ever the saying was well founded of being "jolly as a sandboy," it is here literally and actually expressed. The ultimate object of the Diocesan Council is to bring down a thousand lads at a time, to stay a fortnight or longer, according to the reports of the medical men. Dr. Hunt, of the University Hospital, examines the lads, gratis, before they are dispatched to the Sandhills Camp; and Dr. Hulke, a well-known local practitioner, has kindly offered his services.

The great lessons these poor lads learn are discipline, obedience, and punctuality. Everything is regulated as in a military camp, and the routine is as follows: Rise at 5.30; bathe, 6 o'clock (according to the tide); breakfast, 7.30; drill, 10, after tidying tents of camp; dinner, 12.30; afternoon, walk or games; tea, 5.30; bathe again occasionally, if weather is very hot; first post at 9.30, last post at 10; lights out at 10.15, everybody in bed, and all noise and talking discontinued. Everything by bugle-sound. The camp guard mounts duty every morning at 10 a.m., and remains in charge of the camp till relieved on the following day. These lads remain at the guard tent when off sentry. There are two lads constantly patrolling the camp, by day singly, and by night two together. No strangers enter the tents, unless by order, and no lad is permitted to leave the camp between the hours of 10 p.m. and 6 a.m., except by order of the commandant.

A payment of 2s. 6d. for each week must be made by or on behalf of each youth. We understand that each lad's food is estimated to cost about 6s. a week, and, with fifty lads in camp, the total cost per head, with railway fares, does not exceed 10s. per week. The committee ask for £600 to carry on the institution.



Rev. S. Phillips. Major Urquhart.

THE SEASIDE CAMP FOR LONDON BOYS AT DEAL: CAMP COMMANDANT AND STAFF, WITH SOME OF THE BOYS.





THE COURIER OF THE DESERT.

FROM A PICTURE BY ALBERT PASINI.



## THE COURIER OF THE DESERT.

The painter of this picture, M. Albert Pasini, is well known in France as an artist with a special predilection for Asiatic scenes, and especially for those which present the characteristics of solitude and desolation, neglected by human habitation and agricultural cultivation. Some years ago, when he accompanied the staff of the French diplomatic plenipotentiary sent on a political mission to the Court of the Shah, Nasr-ed-din, at Teheran, M. Pasini crossed part of the tracts of desert in Persia, and was deeply impressed by the aspect of extensive spaces in that country, anciently the abode of powerful nations, but now abandoned by mankind, and relapsed into the condition of a sterile wilderness. The presence, in this picture, of a lonely camel-rider, who may be supposed to be a Government courier or postal messenger, rather enhances the effect of the surrounding desert scenery. It is evening, and the last rays of the setting sun illuminate the western sky. The moon is rising in the east. A sensation of calm sadness takes possession of the human heart.

## NOVELS.

*Deverill's Diamond.* By Adeline Sergeant. Three vols. (Hurst and Blackett.)—The last of the stories by this authoress that we noticed, "Esther Denison," was one distinguished by a higher kind of interest than this one, in which the characters, except that of the patient and generous husband, Philip Lorraine, fail to engage our sympathetic recognition. Even Philip's behaviour in the preliminaries to his marriage with Lady Eleanour seems as inconsistent with the true manliness of his subsequent conduct, as it is incredible that she could have deceived herself with the belief that she was going to be married to his uncle till the hour when she stood beside him at the hymeneal altar. A practised novelist ought to eschew so unlikely a supposition as this of such a mistake arising and continuing for weeks from the marriage having been proposed in a letter from the uncle to Lady Vargrave, the young lady's aunt and guardian, while the nephew, repeatedly seeing his intended bride, never addressed her as a lover. This clumsy contrivance was not at all necessary to lay the foundation, as it is made to do, for an unhappy aversion to her high-principled and considerate husband. She was nowise in love with either the elder or the younger Lorraine; but she was a penniless orphan, daughter of a ruined Peer whose shady life had ended at Capetown, and the elder Mr. Lorraine, a rich diamond merchant, had befriended her father in his exile of poverty and illness. Her gratitude for so much kindness, with her desire to escape from dependence on harsh relatives, might excuse her consent to marry an agreeable and courteous gentleman not far beyond the middle age of life. It is even conceivable that she might prefer him to Philip, who had not made love to her, and whose youthful attachment to another woman, since become Mrs. Le Breton, had left him apparently incapable of a fresh affection, though Eleanour was ignorant of his former relations to that unfortunate lady. But admitting the strange notion that Philip and Eleanour, by a passive submission to the effect of family blunders on both sides, were reluctantly tied together in a loveless marriage, it is hard to feel any sympathy with a young wife behaving so cruelly and insolently to an honest man, who thenceforth faithfully devoted his tenderest care to promote her happiness, and who gradually came to love her with all the ardour that a wife could expect. We utterly disapprove of Lady Eleanour Lorraine's behaviour in her conjugal relations, though her infatuated regard for her cousin, the artful and treacherous intriguer, Clifford Vargrave, never approached a guilty passion. On the other hand, Philip's noble firmness, tempered with gentle compassion, in maintaining his rights as a husband, and in protecting this peevish young woman from the ill consequences of her own rashness and pride, is very well portrayed: this is really the sole merit of the story. As for the incidents relating to Martin Deverill's loss of a diamond worth a quarter of a million sterling, of which he was robbed in South Africa by the low villain Robert Le Breton; his pursuit of Le Breton in England, and the killing of Le Breton by a maniac named Joel Bray; the furtive appropriation of the diamond by Clifford Vargrave, the hiding of it, at his request, by Lady Eleanour, and the arrest of good Mr. Kinglake on a false accusation of the murder—all that kind of thing is the cheap stuff of commonplace fiction at the present day, and may be reproduced again and again until readers decline to have it any more. Robbery and murder, forgery and perjury, vengeful malignity, throttling and bludgeoning, inquests and detectives, final death-grapples on the brink of a precipice or on the Thames Embankment, will have their day. But these ingredients do not mix very well with the other parts of a tale of domestic life.

*With Everything Against Her.* By Colonel Cathbert Larking. Three vols.—Colonel Cathbert Larking's "Bandobast and Khabar," an entertaining narrative of travelling and sporting in India, pleased us much better than this feeble attempt in the way of fiction. The author expresses the sentiments of a right-minded and sensible man, and there is nothing disagreeable in the conduct of the personages whom he recommends to our favour: the forlorn maiden of unknown parentage, bearing the sweet name of Violet; her good friend and young husband, Lieutenant Jack Manders; his brother's wife Lucy, an admirable sister-in-law; and George Darley, his confidential friend. These are virtuous and generous characters, and we should delight in their kind behaviour to each other, and in the final happiness of the hero and heroine, but for the looseness and eccentricity of the plot, the lack of insight into the working of natural secondary motives and conventional habits, and the tame, unimpressive, tedious style of narrative, which belies the surprising effect of important situations. Violet, the girl supposed to have "everything against her," has been lost in her infancy at Florence, brought up by a woman who becomes connected with the London and Paris theatres, and trained for the stage. When the woman reputed to be her mother, an infatuated gambler, dies at Monte Carlo, the destitute condition of Violet, with her innocence and her beauty, engages the sympathies of Jack Manders to such a degree that he brings her to England with due care, and speedily makes her his wife. She is quite irreproachable, and one of Nature's own ladies; but his father, old Mr. Manders, the wealthy Squire of Banby, is enraged as such a "mésalliance," disinherits Jack, cuts off his allowance, and goes into fits, of which he presently dies. Jack's invalid brother Alfred has wedded the Hon. Lucy Younge, daughter of Lord Wilsden; and this high-spirited, clever, frankly affectionate young lady, with her husband, taking a favourable view of the position of Jack and Violet, openly receives her to an intimate friendship. We rather enjoy this part of the story; but the sequel is encumbered with extremely improbable events. When Jack, who belonged to a cavalry regiment at Shorncliffe, is sent on active service with the Camel Corps in the desert march to Khartoum, a discovery is made by George Darley at Florence which proves Violet to be really Jack's cousin, daughter of another Mr. Manders by a secret

Italian marriage, and legal heiress to the Banby estates. Both the old Squire and Alfred have now died, and Jack, being one of those missing after the battle of Abu Klea, is reckoned to be killed, so that Lucy and Violet are living together as two young widows, each with her baby, in a retired country home. They go to Florence, however, with faithful George Darley, to obtain the needful proofs of Violet's respectable parentage; and then, to her inexpressible joy, comes the news that her husband is still living. Having been wounded, stunned, and carried away into captivity at Berber, he has escaped from the Arabs of the Soudan, has got to Snakin, and is now coming home, promoted to the rank of Major. On his way through France, he inflicts a severe thrashing on vile Captain Hawthorne, the impudent profligate who had insulted Violet before her marriage and spread reports injurious to her reputation. This bad man, unhappily the husband of Lucy's sister Alice, is killed by an accident on the railway; and there is an end of his low intrigues with "Poppy Howard" and the lady's maid Fancette, which are not edifying to describe. The excellent Lucy, being really a widow beyond mistake, ultimately bestows her hand on a worthy gentleman, sometimes named Bob Swinton and sometimes Ned Swinton, a baronet with a good estate, who was one of Jack Manders' military comrades. All is well that ends well; but it is a story not well told, nor very well worth telling.

*Clare Strong.* By G. Beresford Fitzgerald. Two vols. (F. V. White and Co.)—The name "Clare," not very common as a Christian name, has usually been regarded as feminine; but it might possibly be derived from a surname, and bestowed on a male child for some family reason. It is Mr. Clare Strong, not Miss Clare Strong, whose autobiography is here told. This gentleman's troubles in life were due to a vain old grandmother, Lady Duncan, rich, worldly minded, and devoted to pleasure and fashion, who brought him up as an orphan, but who left the bulk of her large fortune to Sir Francis Sherlock, an antiquated man-about-town, her constant admirer from the days of her youthful charms. Sir Francis, a cynical old bachelor, dying not long afterwards, cruelly bequeathed eighty thousand pounds, with the beautiful Tudor mansion of Elcote, to young Clare Strong, on the severe condition of its forfeiture in case he ever married. Now, it may be taken for granted that a young gentleman worthy to figure as a hero of romance will be capable of falling in love, despite both the wicked advice of a shameless old sinner like Sir Francis, and the sad example of General Rosemere, another elderly friend, whose foolish wedding with a coarse and vulgar rustic beauty has made him very unhappy. Clare Strong, despising wealth on such terms, and possessing £1200 a year of his own, proceeds with generous alacrity to offer his heart and hand, successively, to more than one darling girl. His cousin, Ida de Chamier, though she evidently loves him, refuses to allow him to make such a costly sacrifice for her sake. Going to America with his trusty comrade William Penrose, he is fascinated by the belles of New York and Baltimore, the handsomest of whom is Dora McCarthy. She has also plenty of dollars of her own, and does not care about his losing Elcote and the eighty thousand pounds; so, meeting again in Paris, they are speedily married. But in a few months she turns out a very bad wife. Ignorant, silly, heartless, and recklessly extravagant, Dora's conduct soon becomes disgraceful. She is further corrupted by the bad society with which she mixes at Mrs. Rosemere's, and finally elopes with an Italian musician bearing the title of Count. Her injured husband, now in rather embarrassed circumstances, having procured a legal divorce, is further afflicted by the hopeless illness of his friend Penrose, a rising politician with fine parliamentary and official prospects, but worn out by excessive public work, and doomed to an early death. There is much sage reflection, from the Conservative point of view, on the state and prospects of England at the present time; and Mr. Eardley is the type of an accomplished modern statesman whose moral refinement is blunted by serving party needs. Finally, when the clouds of sorrow overhang the head of Clare Strong, he finds consolation in returning to his first love, Ida de Chamier, and taking her to wife, though he will not be rich, enjoys a tranquil existence for the remainder of his years. No fault can be found with this quiet and well-written tale, but it is not a work of high imaginative power.

## THE MULLER ORPHANAGE, BRISTOL.

Mr. George Müller writes his fiftieth report on this institution from Darjeeling, on the Himalayan Mountains, where, with Mrs. Müller, he is on one of his foreign preaching tours. He says that the total amount received for the various objects of the institution since March 5, 1834, has been £1,194,415. By this sum 109,722 persons have been taught in the schools entirely supported by the funds of the institution, besides tens of thousands having been benefited in the schools which are assisted by its funds. Five thousand nine hundred and eighty-six pupils are now in the sixty-six schools. On aids to missionaries and mission schools there were expended during the past year £6245, and from the commencement £225,324. Seven thousand nine hundred and twenty-seven orphans have been cared for, and five large houses, at an expense of £115,000, have been erected and fitted up for the accommodation of 2050 orphans at a time, and 112 helpers.

The balance in hand on May 27, 1888, was £2505, only enough for thirty-nine days; but during the year donations, some being of large sums, were liberally made; £5000 was the legacy of the late E. B., Esq.; on Nov. 1 £2000 was received as part of a legacy; and, again, on the 5th, £5000.

At the close of his report Mr. Müller says that the average weekly expenditure of the institution is £700, and that often the average income is under £300; yet, he adds, they never contract debt or take goods on credit, neither do they ever appeal for donations. This system has prevailed for fifty-three years, but, though sometimes their funds have been brought very low, help has always come in the end.

The marriage of Mr. H. T. Anstruther, M.P., second son of the late Sir Robert Anstruther, M.P., and the Hon. Eva Hanbury Tracy, eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Sudeley, took place on Aug. 24 at the church of St. Columba, Pont-street. Lord Sudeley gave his daughter away; and Mr. Erskine, of Cambo, acted as best man.

The first quarter of the year 1889-90 was a prosperous one for the Indian railways. It terminated at the end of July, and the State lines worked by companies showed an increase in their gross receipts of 16½ lakhs compared with last year, and the State railways worked by Government an increase of 15½ lakhs. On the other hand, the guaranteed companies earned 25 lakhs less. This deficiency, however, was partly nominal, being due to the transfer of the Bhopal-Itarsi line from the Great Indian Peninsula to the Midland Company. The Midland Railway increased in mileage from 211 to 674 miles, the Burmah lines from 392 to 553 miles, and the Bengal-Nagpur lines from 186 to 305. The total receipts of the Bengal-Nagpur line for the quarter amounted to 6 lakhs.

## ON THE HEATHER.

White fleecy clouds flock the bright blue northern sky, and the soft wind that gently ruffles the silver waters of the loch is fragrant with the scent of the heather. As, after a frugal breakfast, we set out from the lodge in the glen to where keepers and dogs await us, from the pine plantation, away on the right, comes the crow of the capercaillie—the "cock of the woods"—which is said to have disappeared with the Royal Stuarts, but has multiplied exceedingly since its restoration to the Scottish forests upwards of half a century ago. Larks carol high in heaven; and swallows, circling above the lawn and flitting about the homestead, are twittering in their flight. The varying colour of the wide expanse of heather that lies before us is a welcome sign. For the young shoots, on which the grouse love to feed, alternating in patches with the old growth, which is good hiding cover, show that back in March the moor was judiciously burnt, and give certain promise of excellent sport. In not a few districts birds are reported to have been greatly reduced in number by the ravages of disease; but hereabouts they are fairly numerous and strong on the wing. Weather, heather, and feather inspire a grateful presage of well-filled bags.

At nine o'clock the grouse are still on their feeding grounds among the young, short growth. But the dew is now dry on the heather, and soon the dogs are carefully working their way up the hillside. Presently the report of fowling-pieces rings out sharply, as a covey, raised on the brow of the hill, take a short, irregular flight, and, minus three of their number, settle again at no great distance. For here, in the north, grouse still retain the sedentary habit which not many years since was common to these birds in the south, and made shooting over dogs, even on English moors, remunerative as well as pleasant.

The practice of grouse-driving, against which Scotch keepers and gillies for the most part entertain a strong prejudice, is never resorted to on this moor; where, even in October, sixty brace have fallen in a short day to one gun. And your old-fashioned sportsman is more than content with some twenty grouse to his own gun, thinking this—and rightly, too—a good day's work. True, these are modest figures in comparison with the enormous bags of which one hears and reads now-a-days. Only within the last twenty years has grown up the rivalry in slaughter which finds its coveted reward in a brief newspaper paragraph proclaiming some exceptional achievement of the sort. In 1871 the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh shot, over dogs, on Grantully, in Perthshire, 220 brace in one long day. In the following year, at Dalnaspidal, four guns shot, over dogs, 2856 birds in five days, the largest bag on any one day being 870. In the chapter on "Grouse" in the Badminton volumes the writer tells how, seventeen years ago, he shot on a Yorkshire moor 421 brace in the course of sixteen drives during a day of between twelve and thirteen hours. When stating the fact he shrewdly anticipates probable comment as to the selfishness of the performance, and seeks in passing to discount, if not to controvert, the objection. Well, be it granted that in such instance a man may do what he likes with his own. "Remember you are sportsmen, not poulters," urged old "Christopher North" on some of his students who were starting for the moors. The injunction lacks not virtue yet.

The last-mentioned figures remained the greatest number killed by any single shooter in a day until last season, when they were far and away exceeded by the phenomenal bag of 1070 birds made by a well-known peer. In view of the prevalent spirit of rivalry, it is not improbable that before very long even that record will be surpassed. But it may well be contended that such slaughter is not consonant with the traditions of British sport. And the red grouse is not only the bird of sport, it is exclusively a British bird. Familiar in every Scottish county and in most of the Scottish islands, in various localities in Ireland and in Wales, and in England as far south as Derbyshire, it is nowhere naturally found outside the United Kingdom. Its fête-day is not only one of the best-known, it is one of the most popularly regarded in the British calendar; and the fact is noteworthy, in these degenerate days of lax observance, that year by year the festival is duly kept by an ever-growing crowd of votaries. At its approach, a goodly number set their faces moorward, and thither go the hearts and thoughts of an exceeding great multitude; while, on the Twelfth, many a man who has never shouldered a gun or trod the heather, and probably never will, would feel that he had been remiss did he omit to eat grouse at dinner on "our opening day."

As the morning wears away, until presently noon is reached and then left far behind, the contributions to the game-carrier are steadily mounting up into a fairly respectable total. With the dogs cautiously working forward, now ranging the flats between the hills, anon moving along the ridge or cresting the steep peak, we have spent some four hours of laborious activity, up hill and down hill, before the sturdy hillsman in attendance smiles furtively to see us flagging. We can afford to linger over our simple lunch of cold chicken and cold tea. For the heat has become sultry, and the grouse are lying close, so that during the previous half-hour the dogs had sometimes come within three or four feet before "winding" them. Later in the day the scent will be better, and towards evening the birds will quit their cover for the short heather and the green mossy springs, and the peat-hags formed by natural rifts in the bog, with a translucent ruddy brooklet. Then, perhaps, we may add a like number to the seventeen brace which have so far fallen to our two guns.

While we rest, one of the dogs is pointing near a clump of flags, not more than a stone's throw off. There is a sudden brr, and a blackcock rises high above the long rank rushes. He is moulting, and has lost his tail. Days hence, although the close time for blackgame is over, he would be very easy—far too easy—shooting. But a month later, when the leaves of the birch and alder on the hillside are changing to russet and gold, and he has wholly recovered his pride and beauty of plumage, he will prove wary and difficult sport. So we will hope that in the meantime he may escape the chances of pot-shots in the stubble and the silken snare which the poacher places in the sheltered gullies, where blackgame are wont to roost. Great is the ingenuity and various are the devices of these lawless gentry. On the outstanding oat-stocks in the stretch of cornland that in one part skirts the moor they lay snare of wire no thicker than horsehair; and on the peat-stacks or in the springs where grouse and blackgame come for water and insect-food they set traps which, on discovery, are said to be for hawks and hoodie-crows. But, in spite of the alertness of their natural enemies—stoat, rook, and peregrine falcon—and the artifice of poachers, and notwithstanding frequent ravage of disease and increasing reclamation of waste lands, grouse appear to become more and more abundant. According to the author of "Out-of-Door Sports in Scotland"—a pleasantly written volume by a veteran sportsman—they are five times as numerous as they were fifty years ago. In the few districts where an increase of blackgame has been observed there has been a corresponding decrease of grouse. Possibly the blackcocks have driven off the grouse. But, generally, blackgame are said to be less numerous than they were in the sixties. J. F. R.





SUMMER.



## "VENETIAN BOATS."

The artist of this picture, Miss Clara Montalba, has achieved a special reputation for her views of the romantic scenery of Venice, where stately architecture, mingled with the less imposing, but characteristic and interesting, features of an old Italian city, forms the background to placid sheets of water, in the canals and lagoons, suffused at morning and evening with gorgeous sunlight colouring, by which the quaintly shaped, strangely rigged vessels of local traffic are transfigured with an endless variety of beautiful effects. Many such pictures are strongly impressed on the recollection of those who have seen them; and descriptive language has been exhausted by many eloquent writers, in prose and in verse, striving to express their admiration of the reality, when they have sojourned awhile in the famous city of the Doges, formerly the haughtiest and wealthiest of aristocratic Republics, now a mere provincial city of the Italian Kingdom.

## THE MARTELLO TOWERS.

On the low and level shore of Pevensey Bay, between Eastbourne and Hastings, which was probably the landing-place of the Norman Conqueror, it seemed good to our Government, during the great French war, to provide fortifications which would assist in repelling a foreign military force that might be towed across the Channel in Napoleon's flat-bottomed boats prepared at Boulogne. For this purpose were erected, both here on the Sussex coast and at some places on the shores of Kent, a series of round towers, not considerable in magnitude, nor of very imposing aspect, the construction of which was imitated from one found existing at Cape Mortella, in Corsica, where a British naval landing-party had once been repulsed. The "Martello tower," as it was incorrectly named—the name being often supposed to have been



"VENETIAN BOATS."

PICTURE BY MISS CLARA MONTALBA.

derived from the Italian word for a "hammer"—is built with two storeys, but can be entered only by a ladder to a door on the upper floor. The lower apartment was occupied by stores and provisions; in the upper chamber was a small garrison of artillerymen; the vaulted roof above them was bomb-proof, but on the flat platform of the summit was a gun, mounted *en barbette*, as it would now be termed, upon movable wooden beams, by which it could be traversed and trained in any direction. Such a fort could not easily be stormed by a large force of mere infantry soldiers, and might inflict severe damage on their ranks during a resistance prolonged for several hours. It was considered, at that time, that the enemy would be unable to land guns at this part of the coast, where the water is shallow, and no large ships of war could approach near enough to attack the Martello towers. But the modern improvements of marine artillery have completely altered the problem of coast defences; and we do not suppose that these towers, of which a few specimens yet remain, would be relied upon to meet the exigencies of actual warfare at the present day.

Col. R. Athorpe, R.E., stationed at Aldershot, has been selected for the post of Commanding Royal Engineer of the Home District, in place of Col. Tovey, R.E.

The Queen has approved of the appointment of Sir Arthur E. Havelock, Governor of Natal, to be Governor of Ceylon, in succession to the Hon. Sir A. Hamilton-Gordon, who has completed his term of service in that colony; and Sir Charles B. H. Mitchell succeeds Sir A. Havelock as Governor of Natal. The Queen has further approved of the appointment of Sir William C. F. Robinson, late Governor of South Australia, to be Governor of Western Australia, on the retirement, at an early date, of Sir F. Napier Broome, who has completed his term of service in that colony.



OUR COAST DEFENCES: MARTELLO TOWERS, PEVENSEY BAY.





"HANS AND GRETA."—PICTURE BY H. SALENTIN.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY F. HANFSTAENGL, MUNICH.



## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

### ON GETTING FAT.

A few weeks ago I discussed in these pages the grim question about "getting old," and the consideration of that topic has suggested in turn the somewhat analogous subject of "getting fat." Doubtless a certain proportion of us grow fat as we advance in years, but "the lean and slippered pantaloons" stage of existence is also a fact and a verity of later life. It is, however, not elderly parties alone who begin "to put on flesh," as the saying runs, that are greatly troubled by corpulence as a fact of their life. The sounds of groaning and sighing come mostly from young men and maidens and from middle-aged folks, whose tailors and dressmakers take to assuring them that they are increasing in girth. The horror of "getting fat" is perchance more widely represented among us to-day than of yore. For one proof of this statement see the advertising pages of the daily journals, and note the anti-fat pills and potions which are therein described as fitted to restore peace to the mind and symmetry to the corporeal belongings of adipose humanity. Again, witness how the man who is getting fat is pestered with the medical advice of those unqualified practitioners, their anxious friends. With their "You mustn't eat this" and "You shouldn't eat that," and "You can't afford to drink this" or "You ought to drink that," the poor man's life is made thoroughly miserable. As a rule, fat men have no faith in doctors. Somehow or other, I fancy Mr. Banting is to blame for this idea. When that prosperous but adipose upholsterer published his pamphlet, he laid stress on the fact that he had more than once appealed to the Faculty for relief, but in vain; and the matter is supposed to end with Mr. Banting's own search after a fat-cure. But he is careful to observe that after all his disappointments he did meet with a medical man who understood something about corpulence. This was a Mr. W. Harvey, F.R.C.S., of Soho-square; and, curiously enough, there came under my notice the other day a volume on corpulence of which Mr. Harvey was the author. It bears date 1872, and is an exposition of the views entertained by Mr. Harvey on the cure of obesity. So that when Bantingism is spoken of we should not forget that Mr. Harvey was the real source and author of this system of treatment. Honour to whom honour is due; and there is no question that the Banting treatment formed a kind of pivot on which the whole question of fatness and its cure was made to turn.

Of course, the whole question is really one of diet. Only the most unblushing ignorance can assert that to cure corpulence pills and potions form the means leading to safety and success. It is true that, in some cases, getting fat is part and parcel of a person's constitution. Corpulence must show in the blood, just as do our other physical and our mental qualities. He would be a rash man who attempted to quarrel with his constitution, and who insisted upon being reduced in bodily circumstances, nature and common-sense notwithstanding. There are, doubtless, limits and degrees of corpulence; but the aim of all treatment is not to attempt the impossible task of altering one's nature, but of living according to the diet-rules which will best favour a spare habit of body. This leads one again to remark that the only true cure of fatness is by diet. There is no escape from this dictum. Unwise and illogical living is at the root of acquired corpulence, and reform in diet and exercise and all the habits of life conversely form the foundation of rational cure. "What is it that makes fat?" is a question which may be answered shortly by saying most things one eats, and certain things more than others. For example, it is certain that on a nitrogenous food—or, to put it popularly, on a flesh or meat dietary—we may manufacture fat. It is equally clear that the non-nitrogenous foods—by which we mean starches and sugars and fats and oils—will give rise to fat; but especially and notably the starches and sugars. The fats themselves, taken as food, are not markedly fat-producers. This is a declaration which will startle the popular mind, but it is nevertheless true. Fat in the body, is not simply material of that nature added to the frame. On the contrary, the keynote of the whole matter lies in the fact that the fat of the body, whether scarce or plentiful, has to be manufactured by the body out of the food. There is no other source of fat possible; and Professor Michael Foster never wrote anything more epigrammatic or more true in a physiological sense, than when he laid down the law that "fat is formed in the body out of something which is not fat."

The proofs of this declaration are clear and simple. Cows and pigs grow enormously fat, yet there may be only the merest percentage of fat in their food. The fatted geese of Strasburg develop their oily livers out of the starch and sugar of the maize on which they are fed. For every 100 parts of fat contained in the food of a certain pig experimented upon, 472 parts of fat were stored up! Clearly the porker's fat was formed from something (starch and sugar chiefly) which was not fat. Bees make wax and fat out of their honey-food. "Getting fat" means simply the taking of fat-forming foods by a body which is constitutionally disposed to manufacture adipose material. In Banting's treatment, the starches and sugars were limited, while the flesh-foods were given in fair if not excessive proportion. Fats were also limited; but this was, in itself, a dietetic error, for in the modern treatment of corpulence, fat is freely prescribed, and with advantage. Later forms of the treatment of "getting fat" simply act up to the knowledge we possess about fat-manufacture in the body. Thus to-day the starches and sugars are limited as the chief sources of easily made fat; while, in the second place, the flesh-forming (nitrogenous) foods are prescribed along with fat as part of the dietary of the corpulent person. The reasons for this latter treatment are found in the fact that if we give to the body a fixed amount of fat with a modicum of flesh-forming food, the body's own fat is thereby physiologically burnt off, consumed, and used up. Fat itself, given as food, checks the appetite, and limits the wear and tear of the body. It is, therefore, a valuable food on the former account for the obese person. But along with care in diet, and the forbidding of sweets, sugar, and potatoes, the corpulent person must rule and regulate his life advisedly as regards exercise. This question of exercise, be it observed, is of a highly important kind. As a rule, your corpulent person is not actively inclined, and prefers easy repose to exercise. Then, sometimes, when active exercise is taken, the patient does not regulate his food. Having stimulated his appetite by exercise, he is not careful to diet himself according to his doctor's orders. It is clear that the whole question is one of bodily income and expenditure; and no stout person need lose hope so long as he bears in mind the cardinal points above noted regarding food and work. There is, in short, no panacea for the cure of "getting fat"—is there, in truth, a panacea for any earthly ill whatever? But wise feeding and judicious exercise form the nearest approach to the perfect cure for corpulence, and the wise man will put his trust in these measures, and leave the pills and potions for those who foolishly scorn the wisdom which lies in the practical science of foods and drinks. ANDREW WILSON.

## CHESS.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

J. G. TABOR (Great Baddow).—Very neat and ingenious, but too simple. There is only one mate in answer to any of Black's moves—a fatal lack of variety in such problems.

BERNARD REYNOLDS.—We quite agree with your favourable criticism of No. 2367. Thanks for problem, which shall be published if found correct.

E. J. WINTER WOOD.—Thanks; the compliment can be returned.

F. N. BRAUN (Ware).—Your games shall all be published shortly. Last contribution very acceptable.

H. F. S. (Beckenham).—You are quite right as the position appeared, but you have overlooked our correction the following week.

W. BIDDLE (Stratford).—Marked for future use. We like No. 1 the better.

E. O'GORMAN (Dublin).—Your otherwise neat problem is spoiled by the third move. There are two mating positions, one of which must be eliminated before the position can be called correct.

ALPHA.—You have rightly judged the real merit of No. 2367.

WALTER HOOPER (Plymouth).—Not always, but there are exceptional cases, the solution you forward being one to the point. The defence of P to Kt 4th is overlooked by many who hit on the key move.

K. TEMPLAR.—Rather too elementary for our purpose, but shows considerable skill.

R. L. O. BEIRNE (Bath).—We cannot tell you where to find Lolli's "Analysis," elsewhere than in his own pages, nor have we room to quote it here; but we think there can be no doubt White wins.

L. DESANGES.—Your last contribution is scarcely up to your usual standard. It savours rather of Sullivan than Moltke.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2364 received from the Rev. J. Willis (Barnstable, U.S.A.) and J. Brown (Calcutta); of No. 2365 from A. W. Hamilton Gell (Exeter), W. H. Reed (Liverpool), L. Desanges, and Alpha; of No. 2366 from W. H. Reed, E. O'Gorman, A. W. Hamilton Gell, J. Christie, F. G. Rowland (Shrewsbury), Adolphus De Vasconcelles (Ariers), H. S. B. (Ben Rhydding), K. Templar, Paul von Szivos (Vienna), J. Home (Llanely), J. O. Ireland, Columbus, J. H. Vickers, J. C. Tabor, W. H. Phillips, and John Dadson.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2367 received from E. Loudon, Thomas Chown, Julia Short (Exeter), L. Desanges, Alpha, D. McCoy (Galway), Fr. Fernando (Dublin), Bernard Reynolds, J. D. Tucker (Leeds), J. Armstrong, Chalice, Shadforth, R. Worters (Canterbury), E. O'Gorman (Dublin), Dawn, Howard A. T. Roberts, Martin F. W. H. Reed (Liverpool), K. Templar, J. Dixon, A. Newman, C. E. Perugini, S. B. Tallantyre, W. Wright, Walter Hooper, H. Beurnmann (Berlin), W. R. Rallem, Dr. F. St. N. Harris, Columbus, T. G. (Ware), G. J. Veale, E. E. H. Mrs. Wilson, J. T. W. Elliot (Geneva), Jupiter Junior, E. Casella (Paris), and W. H. Phillips (Plymouth).

### SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2365.—By Mrs. W. J. BAIRD.

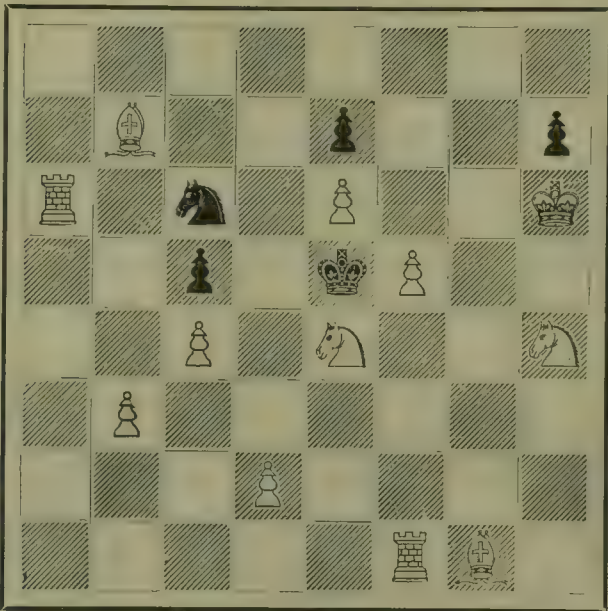
WHITE.  
1. Kt to B 2nd  
2. Q to B 7th (ch)  
3. Q to B 3rd. Mates.

BLACK.  
P takes B  
K to Q 4th

If Black play 1. K to Q 4th, then 2. Kt to B 4th (ch); if 1. K to Kt 5th, then 2. Kt to Q 3rd (ch); if 1. R takes P, then 2. Kt to Q 3rd, and mates in each case on the following move.

### PROBLEM No. 2368. By B. W. LA MOTHE (New York).

#### BLACK.



WHITE.  
White to play, and mate in two moves.

### CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played by Mr. POLLOCK in a simultaneous contest in Baltimore.  
(King's Knight Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. Pollock).	BLACK (Mr. Koch).	WHITE (Mr. Pollock).	BLACK (Mr. Koch).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	18. Kt takes Kt	P takes Kt
2. K Kt to B 3rd	Q Kt to B 3rd	19. P to B 6th	
3. B to B 4th	P to Q 3rd		
This is a somewhat irregular defence.			
4. P to Q 4th	P takes P		
5. Kt takes P	Kt to K 4th		
6. B to K 2nd	B to K 2nd		
7. Kt to Q B 3rd	B to B 3rd		
8. Castles	P to K R 3rd		
The object of this move is not easily seen.			
9. B to K 3rd	P to B 3rd		
10. P to B 4th	Kt to Kt 3rd		
11. K to R sq	K Kt to K 2nd		
12. Q to Q 2nd	B to Q 2nd		
13. Q R to Q sq	Q to B 2nd		
14. P to Q R 3rd			
White has already the better opening, and Kt to B 3rd at once would have kept Black on the defensive, as it threatened the Q P.			
15. Kt to B 3rd	R to Q sq		
16. Q takes B	B takes Kt		
17. P to B 5th	Castles		
	Kt to K 4th		

Mr. J. Pierce announces in the *English Mechanic* two problem tournaments under the following conditions: 1. For the best problems in three moves with the fewest (limited to ten in all) pieces, three prizes, the first being £2, presented by Mr. W. T. Pierce; 2. For the best three-move problems, in which White has a winning position, three prizes, the highest being £1. Competitors may send in as many problems as they like at an entrance fee of 6d. each; and a solution tourney is also to be held subject to the same entrance fee.

After the conclusion of the Amsterdam Chess Congress, Mr. Blackburne is to pay a visit to the St. Petersburg Chess Club, where he will give an exhibition of his blindfold and simultaneous play.

The lady champion, Miss Mary Rudge, who now resides at Clontarf, Dublin, has been presented with a testimonial of a £20 cheque by the members of the Bristol and Clifton Chess Club and the Social Chess Society of Bristol.

Lieutenant-Colonel George Hope Verney contributes to the forthcoming "Chess Players' Annual" an exhaustive treatise, of some fifty pages, on four-handed chess, a game which is steadily gaining favour, not only in London but throughout the provinces as well.

An anonymous donor has given £10,000 towards the foundation of a new bishopric in South Wales, conditional on the headquarters of the new see being at Swansea.

The Captains' Good Service Pension of £150 a year, void by the retirement of Captain Harry W. Brent, Director of Naval Transports, has been awarded to Captain Richard George Kinahan, of her Majesty's ship *Terror*, at Bermuda.

Princess Frederica of Hanover, accompanied by Baron Pawel von Rammingen, visited the People's Palace on Aug. 24, and distributed the medals and certificates of the St. John's Ambulance Association to the successful students.

It is proposed to found a musical scholarship in memory of the late Mr. Carl Rosa, and we are asked to state that Mr. E. C. Hoile, of 16, Victoria-street, S.W., secretary of the late Carl Rosa Company (Limited), will be glad to receive any suggestion in furtherance of that object.

## SLYFIELD HOUSE, SURREY.

On the bank of the little river Mole, in the heart of Surrey, stands Slyfield House, once-a handsome Tudor mansion, and now reduced to half its size, serving as a very spacious and comfortable farmhouse. An intending visitor will find it an easy and pleasant walk from Leatherhead, whence it is distant about five miles, close to the village of Stoke D'Abernon.

Though a large part of the original mansion has been demolished, the existing house is full of interest to any lover of artistic work: the interior, especially, will well repay inspection. The garden front, shown in the first of our Sketches, presents the most striking aspect of the exterior; although coarse and crude in detail, the old red-brick pilasters and the quaint gable and projecting eaves combine to make up a very picturesque whole. The designer, probably one of the Slyfield family, seems to have been abroad during the time of the Renaissance, and to have returned with very hazy notions of Continental work, for the enormous pilasters support literally nothing, and are, as it were, attached to the front of the house. But, apart from strictly architectural defects, the crumbling red-brick front, wonderfully tinted by the passage of years, is a delightful picture.

The gable, which has a curious Dutch air about it, was probably at one time the central feature of a facade twice the length of the present front. In fact, the building seems to have been cut off short at the left-hand side of the gable, where a modern entrance gives access to the present house. The demolished wing, it is reasonable to conjecture, must have contained that universal feature of Tudor mansions, the great dining-hall, which one regrets to miss at Slyfield. Inside, the old portion of the house is a perfect marvel of oak panelling and carving, old fireplaces, and exquisite ceilings. The staircase is an excellent example of its kind, more refined in detail than the exterior of the house, and still retaining, in company with only two or three other houses in England, the gates at the foot of the stairs. This barrier was used to prevent the dogs from wandering into the upper rooms of the house. A similar feature may be observed at Hatfield House, in Hertfordshire. On the ground floor there are two panelled rooms; one having the arms of the Slyfield family carved over the fireplace, the other a room of somewhat later date. The upper landing of the staircase gives access, through old time-worn Tudor doors, to the oak-panelled bed-rooms, of which the one with a vaulted roof, shown in the Sketch, is undoubtedly the most striking. This last room is supposed to have been the chapel of the mansion.

But the glory of these rooms, and indeed of Slyfield, consists in the exquisite plaster ceilings, which are as fine as any in the country. The design of these ceilings is remarkably good, and their low relief is just sufficient to attract the eye to the pattern without producing a "cut up" effect. The modern builder, if it were possible to teach him anything, might with advantage take a few lessons from ceilings such as these, probably executed by the common craftsmen of the time.

A word or two as to the history of this house may not be amiss. Very little is known regarding it, except that the Slyfields were settled here from time immemorial till the end of the fourteenth century, when a member of the family built the present house on the site of a much older one. Certain it is, from the coat-of-arms in the drawing-room and the monograms on the pilasters, that the mansion was the work of a Slyfield; probably of that Edmund Slyfield whose body lies in the church of Great Bookham, two miles away. Here a brass inserted in the wall in memory of Edmund Slyfield, who died in 1590, describes him as "a stout Esquier, who allways sett God's feare before his eyes." And then follows a long rhyming inscription, finishing with the statement that—

Thaire Eldyst sonne, Henry, this cause to be made,  
In Faythfull performans of the will of the Deild.

In the seventeenth century the estate passed to the Shiers family, whose monuments are also in Bookham Church; and the last of the Shiers, who died in 1700, conveyed the property by will to Exeter College, Oxford.

We can form some idea from the outbuildings remaining of the former extent of the house. The last Sketch shows a portion of these, now used as a storehouse, and containing, in the centre, the remains of what was probably the main entrance into the large quadrangle, or inner court, always a prominent feature of Tudor mansions. Very beautiful the old house must have been in its palmy days, when festivities were held in the vanished hall, and dainty brocades rustled up the quaint staircase and over the uneven floors. It is now very picturesque in its decay; and one leaves it with regret to return to the nineteenth-century station at Leatherhead, and to the modern ugliness of London. W. A.

## ASTRONOMICAL OCCURRENCES IN SEPTEMBER.

(From the *Illustrated London Almanack*.)

The Moon is near Jupiter on the evening of the 3rd, being a little to the right of the planet. She is very near Venus on the morning of the 22nd, the planet being a little south of the Moon; and Saturn will be a little below and to the left of Venus. She is near Mars and Saturn on the morning of the 23rd, both planets being to the right of the Moon. On this morning the three planets Venus, Saturn, and Mars will be near together, Venus being the highest in the heavens, and Mars the lowest, Saturn being between, but nearer to Mars; and on the 26th she will be near Mercury. Her phases or times of change are:—

First Quarter on the 2nd at 35 minutes after 7h in the afternoon.			
Full Moon " 9th " 53 "	1 "	" "	afternoon.
Last Quarter " 17th " 49 "	4 "	" "	morning.
New Moon " 25th " 42 "	2 "	" "	morning.

She is nearest the Earth on the morning of the 6th, and most distant on the morning of the 18th.

Mercury is an evening star, setting on the 4th at 7h 12m p.m., or 32 minutes after sunset; on the 9th at 6h 59m p.m., or 32 minutes after sunset; on the 14th at 6h 46m p.m., or 30 minutes after sunset; on the 19th at 6h 33m p.m., or 28 minutes after sunset; on the 24th at 6h 16m p.m., or 22 minutes after sunset; and on the 29th at 6h 0m p.m., or 17 minutes after sunset. He is in aphelion on the 10th, at his greatest eastern elongation (26 deg. 11 min.) on the 20th, and near the Moon on the 26th.

Venus is a morning star, rising on the 1st at 1h 30m a.m., on the 10th at 1h 55m a.m., on the 20th at 2h 20m a.m., and on the 30th at 2h 47m a.m. She is in ascending node on the 13th, near the Moon on the 22nd, and near Saturn on the 26th.

Mars is a morning star, rising on the 1st at 2h 57m a.m., on the 9th at 2h 56m a.m., or 2h 39m before the Sun; on the 19th at 2h 53m a.m., or 2h 49m before sunrise; and on the 29th at 2h 49m a.m., or 3h 9m before sunrise. He is near Saturn on the 20th, and near the Moon on the 23rd.

Jupiter souths on the 1st at 7h 9m p.m., on the 15th at 6h 17m p.m., and after this day he is due south before the Sun sets. He is an evening star, setting on the 1st at 11h 10m p.m., on the 8th at 10h 36m p.m., on the 18th at 9h 59m p.m., and on the 28th at 9h 23m p.m. He is near the Moon and in descending node on the 4th, and in quadrature with the Sun on the 22nd.

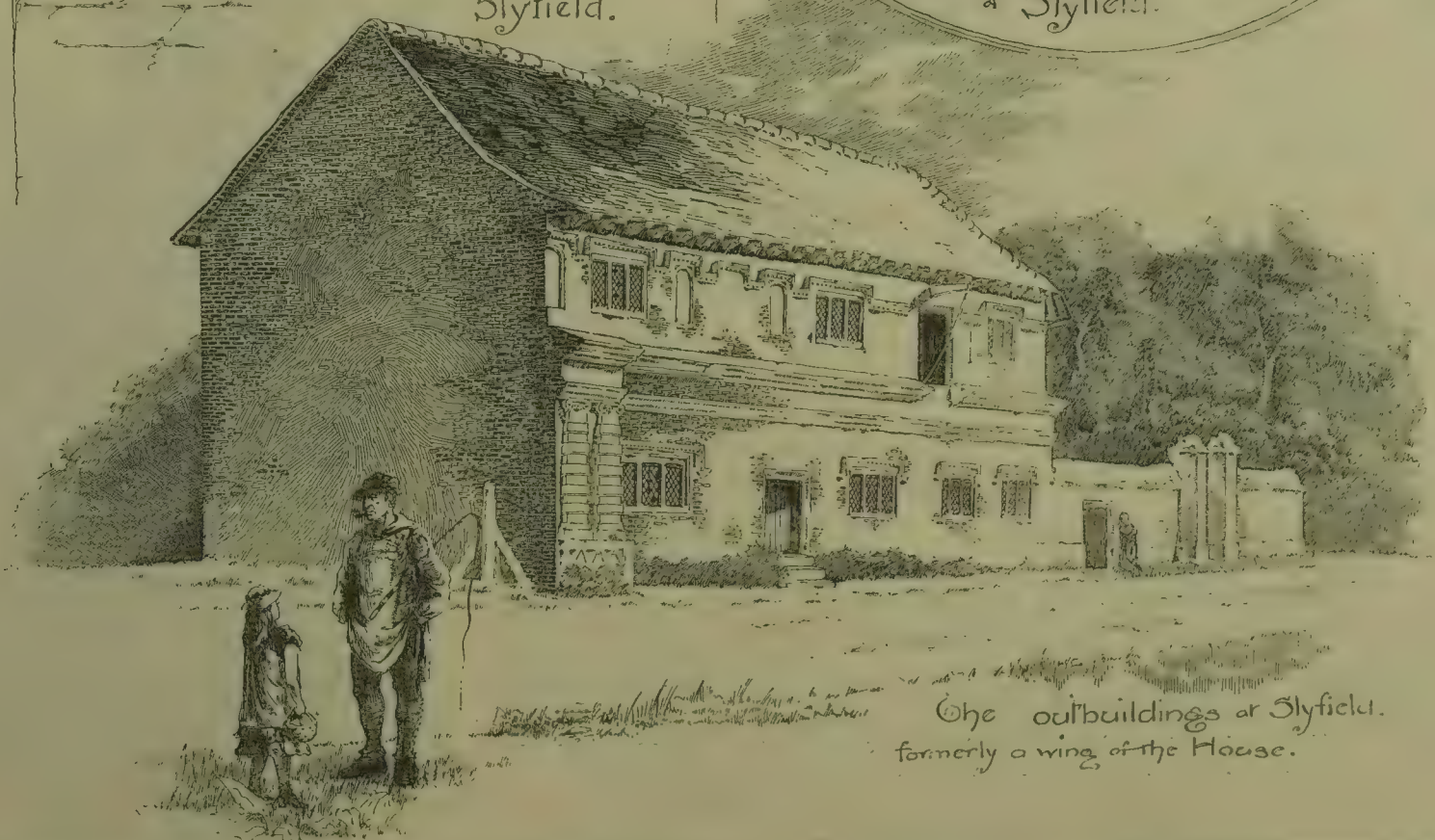
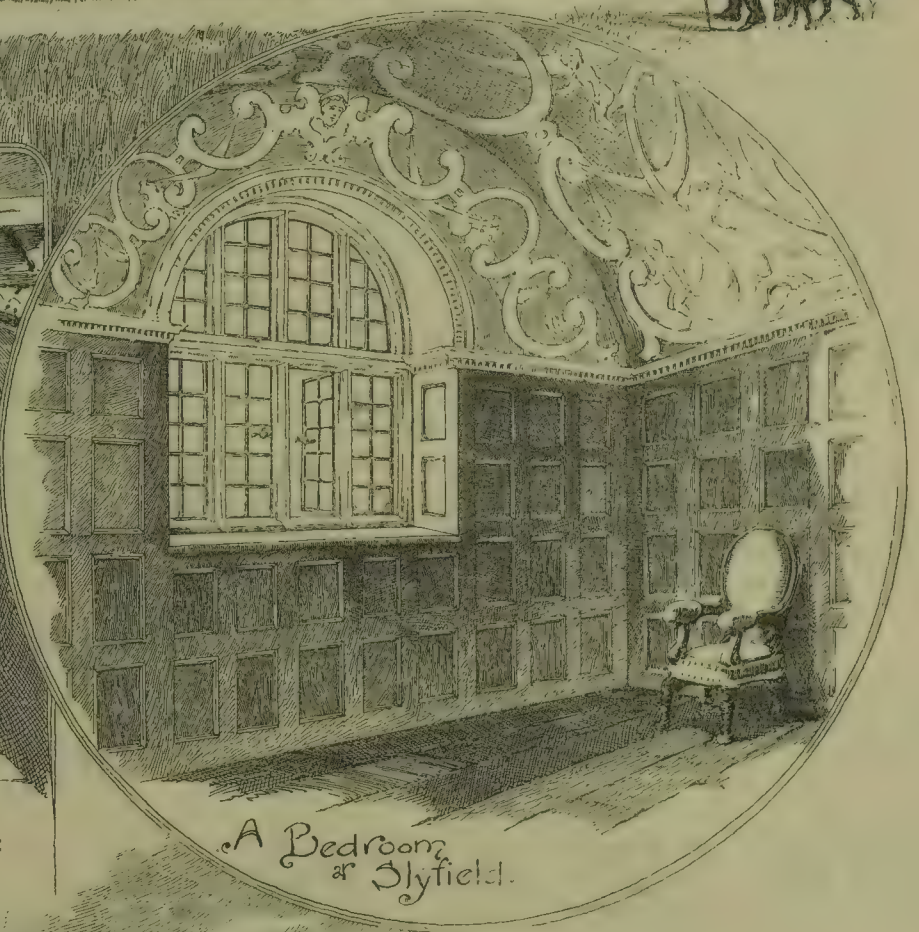
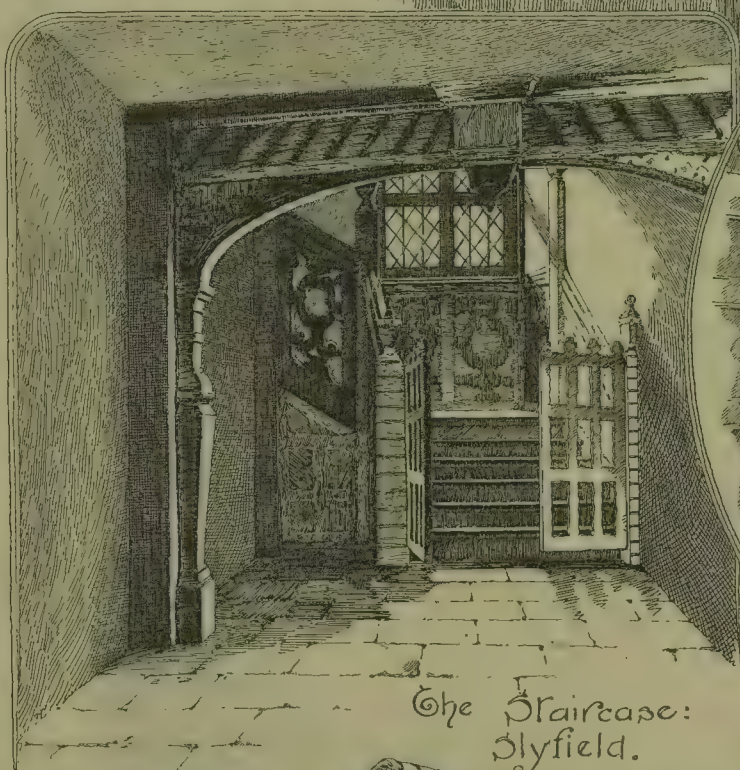
Saturn rises on the 1st at 3h 54m a.m., or 1h 19m before sunrise; on the 9th at 3h 28m a.m., or 1h 55m before sunrise; on the 19th at 2h 56m a.m., or 2h 46m before sunrise; and on the 29th at 2h 23m a.m. He souths about the middle of the month, a little after 10h a.m. He is near the Moon on the 23rd.

The preachers at Westminster Abbey on Sunday mornings during September will be as follows: 1st, the Rev. J. H. Cheadle, Minor Canon; 8th, the Rev. R. E. Bartlett, late Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Oxford; 15th, the Rev. E. Grainger Hall, Vicar of Holy Trinity, Knightsbridge; 22nd, the Rev. A. L. B. Peile, Master of St. Katharine's Hospital; 29th, the Rev. C. Gore, Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford. Canon Duckworth, as Canon in residence, will preach in the afternoons.





(now a farmhouse)



W. Alford. 189.



## UNKNOWN KNIGHTS.

In this tiny corner of the meadow flourishes a luxuriant world of wild flowers and grasses, so luxuriant that the most indifferent observer would here be constrained to admire the liberal activities of Nature. How prodigal she is of life! How she loves to accumulate her beautiful growths one upon the other! How free is her hand in giving! And with what tender anxiety does she cover up the waste places and conceal the ruggedness of rock and scarp! Look out upon the wealth of golden buttercups, of shiny May-weed, and ground convolvulus trailing its pink-streaked petals among the herbage—no stint, no sparing anywhere. Then there are purple clover, yellow goat's-beard, and wild oats shaking their airy panicles in response to the lightest breeze. Also, in the wayside hollow, nettles and hemlock, hemlock and nettles; while vetches and traveller's joy twist prodigally in and out of the reddening hawthorn of the hedgerow; a tangle of dog-rose and bramble is thickly hung with ivy; and wild hops, now in plenty, have crept far up the stems of the young birch-trees. Life—there is life everywhere.

From the oak bough overhead slips the green caterpillar, pendant by the invisible thread which he spins from his own body. Blue, white, brown, and spotted butterflies undulate in graceful curves through the sunlit air, contrasting prettily with the slow flight of the droning humble-bees. Green and gold beetles skurry across the pathway; and laborious ants ply ceaselessly to and fro, as if the world weighed heavily on their diminutive shoulders. You can see them put out their antennæ and touch one another as they pass—a token of good fellowship, perhaps, or conveying some message of counsel or sympathy. Everywhere is life—life in motion, life in action; the tiniest blade of grass feels the quickening impulse of the vital force. And now, in the late summer, this rich life of the fields is at its fullest; the foliage has reached maturity; the flowers kindle with their vivid colours; and the orchard boughs droop with their ripest fruitage, apple and plum and pear.

Under a spreading chestnut-tree I sit and survey the fair countryside. There are green lanes winding through greener pastures; stretches of purple common, all abloom with heather; tracts of solitary woodland, where the thrush is warbling his new-old song; low thatched roofs of cottages scattered up and down the hills; a church-tower, fenced about with elm and yew; an ivy-covered manor-house; and a distant dell, where a little stream slides stealthily among the mosses. I can just discern the old highway that stretches like a broad white ribbon across the plain, and the figures of a horse and his rider pacing solitarily along it. How curious it seems that yonder stranger in the misty distance should thus pass across my vision—never seen before, never, perhaps, to be seen again! Whence comes he? Whither goes he? Ah me! how little do any of us know of our fellows! What a lonely world it is, after all! How few are the faces which grow familiar to us!

The appearance of this unknown horseman reminds me of certain passages in the old romances of chivalry, which describe that high festival of arms, the tournament. In my mind's eye I see the lists marked out. The knights and their squires are caracoling to and fro; the Queen of Beauty, with a blush on her cheeks, a smile on her lips, and a light in her eyes, has been led to her throne; the King and his nobles, in all their pomp and pride, fill the royal gallery; the benches round about are crowded with eager faces; silken streamers wave from every point of vantage, and heralds, in emblazoned tabards, stand ready to announce the style and dignities of

each illustrious warrior. A blare of trumpets—and suddenly upon the scene enters an Unknown Knight. He carries no banner to proclaim his identity, no scutcheon adorns his shield, he wears no favour in his helmet, he refuses to reveal his name or lift his vizor—he has come, he says, simply to break a lance in the cause of the Right and in the name of Christ. He challenges one whom he knows to be an evil-doer, an offender against the laws of God and man. Again a blare of trumpets! The two antagonists ride into the arena: they spur their horses forward—there is a clash of arms and a clang of armour; another onset, and yet another, and the evil-doer falls heavily on the sod, with shivered spear and broken shield. Then the Unknown Knight sets his lance in rest, passes out of the arena, and disappears.

The age of chivalry, said Burke, is past; but, at least, its spirit survives among us still, and many an Unknown Knight is daily crossing spears with injustice, oppression, fraud, impurity, in the world's wide arena. They seek no reward, they claim no attention, these Unknown Knights; silently they go about their noble work, so that even those who profit in soul and body by their self-denying labours scarce know whence they come or whither they go. As for society at large, it learns of their existence only by the good they do and have done. It finds the pure light of heaven let into dark places, the waifs and strays of childhood rescued from the misery of the streets; it finds the Magdalen softly guided into the path of penitence, and provided with a refuge from the destroyer; it finds the hungry fed, and the wounded cared for, and Christ's beautiful gospel recommended to the sinner by practical lessons of love and charity; and then it knows that Unknown Knights have been down into the arena, wrestling with ignorance, want, and crime as Paul wrestled with wild beasts at Ephesus. This it knows, but it knows no more. In the old fairy story the Princess, when she rises in the morning, discovers that during the night her palace has been cleansed and ordered by invisible hands. So society wakes up at intervals to estimate the progress which has been made through the efforts of those earnest spirits who devote their lives in silence to the service of sinful and suffering humanity. Most of us, I imagine, have had occasion, at some time or another, to appreciate the nobleness of their endeavours—not always, alas! crowned with complete success, but always leading upward to a higher level of achievement—never wholly wasted, never wholly without fruition. To this ceaseless, silent work of the Unknown Knights hundreds of lives owe all that they enjoy of light and sweetness, of hope and faith—of the hope that sustains them under present trial, and the faith that encourages them to look forward to future happiness.

Honours and rewards the world cannot, even if willing, bestow upon these Unknown Knights, for they pass away into the silence and into solitude like a lonely rider on an unfrequented road. Nor, to speak the truth, has the world much leisure to think about them; its ears are so constantly filled with the self-sounded trumpets of kings, statesmen, and warriors, and with the adulation of their flatterers; its eyes are so continuously dazzled by the glitter of rank and the ostentation of wealth. Cæsar has always "a senate at his heels"—or, at the worst, a mob; and Cæsar keeps a newspaper to describe his banquets. But the Unknown Knights—what about *them*? What honour or reward follows in their noiseless footsteps? Nothing? Oh yes, the blessings of those whose wounds they have healed, to whose parched lips they have held "the cup of water," whose minds they have enlightened, whose souls they have lifted into God's diviner air! At what cost they have done all this, at what cost they

have fought the fight and beaten down the foe—who can tell? But be sure, that for all they have sacrificed and suffered they feel and have felt a more than adequate recompense in the grateful knowledge that they have accomplished something—it may be little, it may be much, but at least it is all they could—for the good of the race, for the trusts and aspirations of mankind, for the defeat of falsehood and the triumph of truth.

These Unknown Knights I take to be the true benefactors of our humanity. It is they who, unconsciously, infuse the divine light of beauty into "the prosaic story of our days." We feel the breezy influence of their example, however slow we may be to follow it. They constrain us to acknowledge "how glorious when done are the things most difficult to do," though we ourselves may shrink from doing them. God bless our Unknown Knights! They find life everywhere—life in action, life in motion, life sinning, sorrowing, suffering—and they do their best to purify, elevate, console, and consecrate it. "No sooner do they look around them"—I borrow the eloquent words of James Martineau—"with the open eye of reason and faith, upon the great field of the world, than they perceive it must be for them a battle-field; and they break up the tents of ease, and advance to the dangers of lonely enterprise and the conflict with splendid wrong. Strong in the persuasion that this is God's world, and that His will must rule it by royal right, they serve in the severe campaign of justice, asking only for the wages of life, and scorning the prizes of spoil and praise." Happy will it be for me and you, most gentle reader, if we too shall sometimes take our places among—the Unknown Knights!

W. H. D.-A.

A cyclone swept over North Shropshire on Aug. 22, causing great damage to property.

The Board of Trade have received, through the Consul-General for Sweden and Norway, a silver medal of the second class and two silver medals of the third class, which have been respectively awarded by the Norwegian Government to E. Fenner, master; George Fenner, mate; and Goodwin Stephenson, seaman, of the fishing-smack *Fawn*, of Grimsby, in recognition of their services in rescuing the shipwrecked crew of the brig *Juno*, of Christiania, abandoned in the North Sea in February last.

A subject not unlikely to occupy the attention of Government, with a view to legislation in the next Session of Parliament, is the position of Trustee Savings Banks, which seem to be decaying and declining in public estimation, and the utility of which, in the presence of the Post Office Savings Bank, may be questioned from the social philanthropist's point of view. It appears that some fifty of those institutions, out of a total number of three hundred and fifty, have been closed within the past twelvemonth; and that it is difficult to obtain the services of efficient and responsible men as unpaid trustees, and to secure an effective control over the business done by the professional actuaries and clerks. Mr. Harold Arthur Perry, barrister-at-law, the able Commissioner appointed by the High Court of Justice to investigate the affairs of the Macclesfield Savings Bank, where gross mismanagement had prevailed for years, enabling one of the clerks to embezzle large sums of money, has drawn up a very instructive report of sixty printed pages, including appendices, which is published as a Bluebook, and which ought to be widely read. His concluding remarks on the unsatisfactory relations between these local Savings Banks and the National Debt Commissioners are especially worthy of attention.

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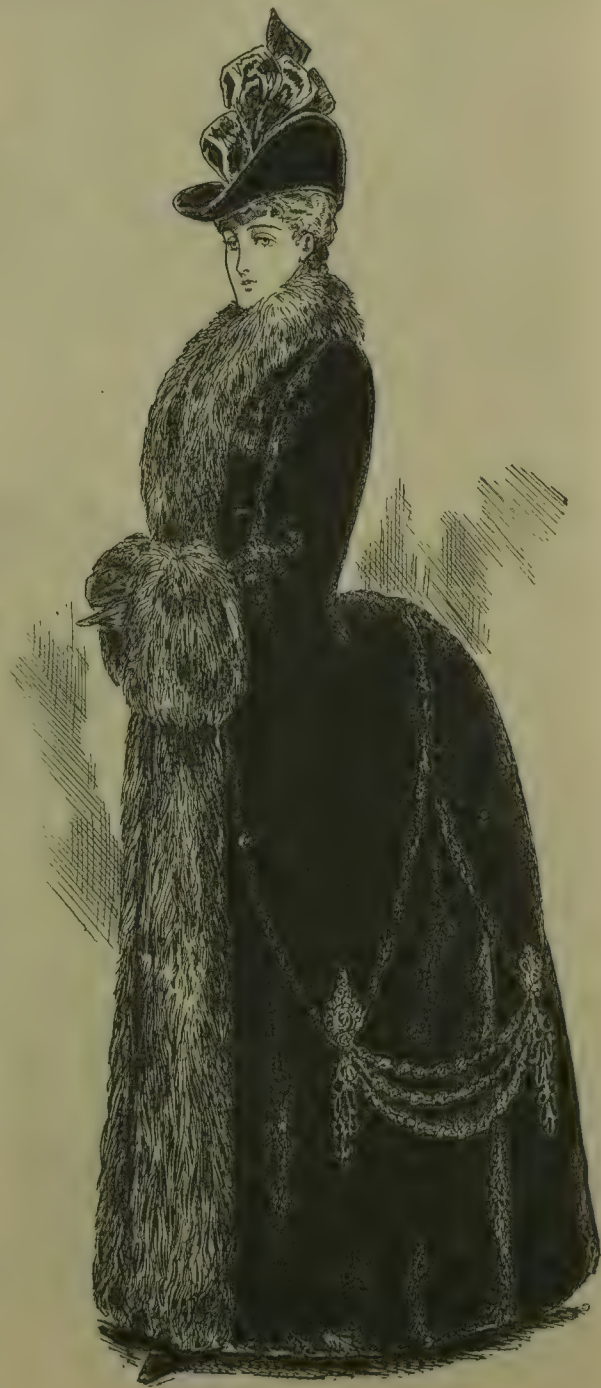
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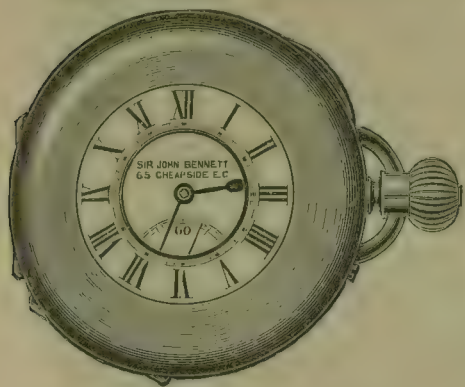




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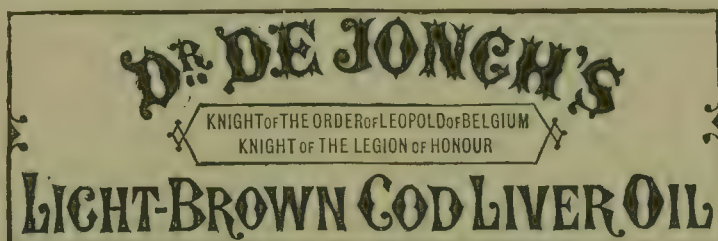
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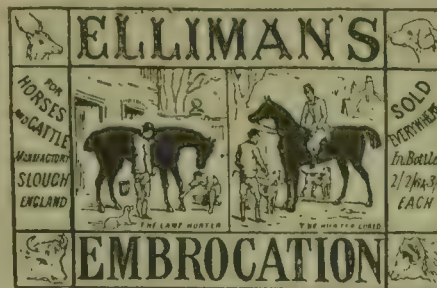
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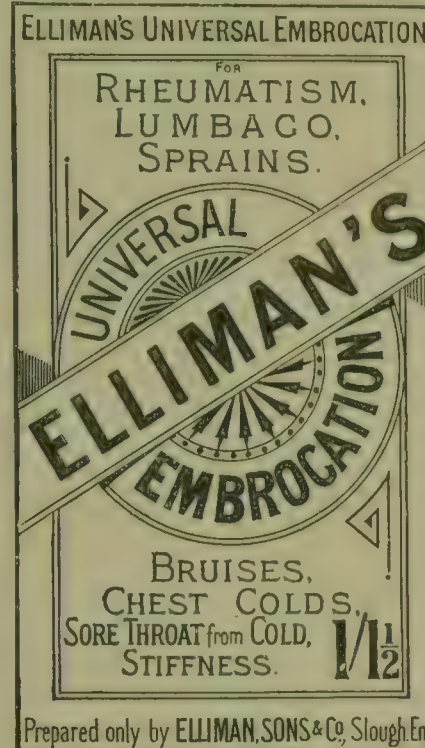
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(Signed) "CHARLES A. CAMERON."

For Wills and Bequests, see page 286; Ladies' Column, page 288; Playhouses, page 290.



## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will of the late Sir William Ewart, Bart., of Glenmachan House, county Down, M.P. for the North Division of Belfast, Chairman of William Ewart and Son, Limited, flax spinners, linen manufacturers, &c., who died in London on Aug. 1, was proved on Aug. 23, the personal estate being sworn under £350,000. The testator bequeaths his pictures, books, plate, and household furniture, together with his residence, Glenmachan House, to his widow, Isabella, Lady Ewart, during her lifetime, with an annuity of £1500 and a legacy of £1000. Also (free of legacy duty) to the representative body of the Church of Ireland for the Clergy Widows' Fund of the United Diocese of Down and Connor and Dromore £500, to the Hibernian branch of the Church Missionary Society £200, to the Down and Connor and Dromore Local Diocesan Fund £200, to the Belfast Female Mission £200, to the Board of Religious Education for the United Diocese of Down and Connor and Dromore £200, to the Belfast Charitable Society £100, to the Belfast Royal Hospital £100. Testator further leaves legacies to his six sons and three daughters, with the residue of his estate to his eldest son, Sir William Quartus Ewart, who succeeds him in the title. The executors are his three sons resident in Belfast—Sir William Quartus Ewart, Lavens M. Ewart, and G. Herbert Ewart.

The will (dated Jan. 30, 1889) of the Right Hon. Mary Louisa, Dowager Baroness Erskine (wife of Mr. Philip Henry Egerton, J.P.), late of Gedwyn Wrexham, was proved on Aug. 15 by the Right Hon. William Macnaghten, Baron Erskine, George Egerton, and Richard Pennington, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £14,000. The testatrix leaves £500 to her husband; her copy of "The Virgin and Child" by Giovanni Bellini, and the plate and plated articles which formerly belonged to her first husband, John Cadwalader, fourth Baron Erskine, with the Erskine crest, to the present Lord; £500, her house, Ettenheim, Torquay, the remainder of her plate and plated articles, and all her wearing apparel, jewellery, furniture, musical instruments, and household effects to her sister, Jane Emily Spottiswoode; and the residue of her estate and effects, upon trust, to pay the income to her husband for life; at his death, she gives £1000 to the present Lord Erskine; £500 to William Campbell; £1000 to Emily Mansel; £500 each to Ruth, Mary, George, and Philip Egerton; and the ultimate residue of her property to her said sister if she should survive her, but, should she predecease her, then to her husband.

The will (dated July 11, 1884), with three codicils (dated July 11, 1884; Nov. 17, 1885; and Sept. 9, 1887), of Mr. Edmund Wright, J.P., late of Halston, Oswestry, in the county of Salop, who died on July 11, was proved on Aug. 20 by the Rev. James Mackay and William Clive Bridgeman, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £63,000. The testator bequeaths £2000, and all his wines, consumable stores, carriages, horses, harness, and the live and dead stock on any farm he may occupy, to his son Charles Henry; 100 guineas, as a compliment, to each of his executors; and an annuity of £40 to his butler, Edward Day, if in his service at the time of his decease. His mansion-house at Halston, and all his real estate in the county of Salop, charged with the payment of £400 per annum to his daughter Helen while she remains unmarried, and also all his copyhold and leasehold estates, are left to the use of his said son Charles Henry, for life, with remainder to his first and every other son, one after the other, according to their respective seniorities in tail. Portions are provided for each of his daughters,

Helen, Catherine Mary, and Louisa Elizabeth, so as to make up, with what they have received on their respective marriages, or will receive under his marriage settlement, £8000 each. All his furniture, plate, pictures, books, articles of vertu, and household effects, are made heirlooms to go with the mansion house at Halston. The residue of his personal estate is to be held upon trusts similar to those declared of money to arise from the sale of any of the settled real estate.

The will (dated July 15, 1872) of Mr. William Crockett, formerly of No. 53, King's-road, Camden Town, contractor and builder, but late of Park-villas, Downs-road, Epsom, who died on June 29 last at Bournemouth, was proved on Aug. 16 by Miss Hannah Orgles and Henry Stanley, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £36,000. The testator bequeaths all his furniture and household effects to Mary Maria Norman, for life, then to Mary Maria Keith, for life, and then to the said Hannah Orgles; and £50 to his executor, Mr. Stanley. All his real and leasehold estates he leaves, upon trust, to pay annuities of £208 to Mary Maria Norman and £52 to his brother Henry, and the remainder of the annual income to Hannah Orgles, for life; and, subject thereto, for his sister, Caroline Davis, for life, and then for her children. The residue of his personal estate is to be held, upon trust, for Hannah Orgles, for life; then for his sister, Caroline Davis, for life; and then for her children.

The will (dated July 17, 1876), with two codicils (dated July 23, 1881, and Nov. 2, 1883), of Mrs. Eliza Harriet Carter, late of Wool, near Wareham, Dorset, who died on July 4, was proved on Aug. 13 by James Robert Macarthur and Charles Henry Warne, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £24,000. The testatrix gives a freehold meadow and £2000 to the said Charles Henry Warne, and £2000, upon trust, for his children; £500 and fourteen shares in the Wilts and Dorset Banking Company to Emma Marianne Creed; £1000 each to Louisa Eliza Warne, Frances Warne, and Frederick Warne; £1000 and twenty shares in the said Banking Company each to Mary Anne Macarthur and Blanche Frances Macarthur; £400 each to the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Church Missionary Society for Africa and the East, the Dorset County Hospital, the Weymouth and Dorset Royal Eye Infirmary, the Salisbury Infirmary, and the Hospital in London for Sick Children established in 1852; £500 to the Rector or Vicar and Churchwardens of Wool aforesaid, upon trust, to lay out the annual income in the purchase of provisions and coals to be distributed at Christmas among the poor inhabitants; £600 and twenty-eight shares in the Wilts and Dorset Banking Company to Lucy Ann Winstead, if in her service at her death, but she is to provide for her (the testatrix's) birds and dogs, also given to her, so long as they shall live; and numerous specific legacies of furniture, plate, &c., to some of the foregoing legatees and to others. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves to the said James Robert Macarthur.

The will of Mr. John Martyn, late of Wood End, Pertonhall, Bedfordshire, who died on July 4, was proved on Aug. 19 by Miss Dora Martyn, the daughter, and Bancroft Cooke, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £14,000.

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## THE SILENT MEMBER.

The last week of the Parliamentary Session commenced in the House of Lords with the signification of the Royal Assent to a cluster of serviceable Bills; the scarlet-robed Royal Commissioners on the woollen being cheery Lord Halsbury, the Duke of Rutland, and the Earl of Limerick. Lord Salisbury, though doubtless pining to follow the example of Mr. Gladstone and Earl Granville, who had sought recuperation by fitting to Hawarden and the Continent, clung to his post, and was to be seen in his place on the Treasury bench on the Twenty-sixth of August, prompt to answer Lord Denman on one point, and to persuade Lord Herschell on another. The Prime Minister, shaking the dust of enervating St. Stephen's from his feet, forthwith proceeds for renovation to the Châlet Cecil, Dieppe; and his colleagues will presently be scattered far from the city which has grown distasteful to them. With the grave responsibility of anxiously watching the social disorder among the labouring classes in London thrown upon him, the Home Secretary's lot is not a happy one, especially as this fresh care follows close upon Mr. Henry Matthews's onerous investigation of the memorable poisoning case, which has ended satisfactorily in the commutation of the capital sentence passed upon Mrs. Maybrick to penal servitude.

The concluding weeks of the Session in the Commons have been marked by Sir William Harcourt's vigorous leadership of the Gladstonian Party in the absence of his chief, and by the virtual defeat of the Government over their luckless Tithes Bill; likewise by a final passage of arms between Mr. Balfour and Mr. Parnell and Mr. Sexton, apropos of the alleged insubricity of Irish prisons in which Mr. Conybeare and other outspoken M.P.'s are confined. Albeit it would seem to be expedient that when the extreme measure of imprisoning political opponents is taken, hon. members should be treated as "first-class misdemeanants," as they were during Mr. Gladstone's second Administration. Mr. Balfour has resolutely defended the present practice of the Irish Executive; and, whatever view may be taken of his policy, there can be no question that the Secretary for Ireland has considerably improved his position as a debater in the House.

Mr. W. H. Smith looked so well as he took his seat on the Treasury bench on the Twenty-sixth of August, and appeared so animated when he had a chat a little later on with Mr. Akers-Douglas, the admirable "Whip," that there seemed to be little or no grounds for the oft-repeated report of his forthcoming elevation to the Peerage. The truth is that Mr. Smith's sound common-sense, his prudence, his businesslike habits, and his terseness and clearness of speech render him invaluable as Leader of the House. Mr. Leonard Courtney (who would make an excellent Speaker if the frequent and regrettable indisposition of Mr. Peel should, unfortunately, render that post vacant) may also be congratulated on his healthy appearance at the termination of a Session which has, perhaps, made greater calls upon his patience than upon that of any other member.

The introduction of the Indian Budget happened at the eleventh hour, as usual—to the discredit of the Commons, be it said. But the able Under-Secretary for India, Sir John Gorst, distinguished himself not only by the lucidity of his review of the financial condition of India, but by the debating effectiveness of his replies to Mr. Bradlaugh's and Sir George Campbell's criticisms. On the whole, Sir John Gorst's Budget was more satisfactory than was expected.

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The SCARBOROUGH SUITE, in solid ash or walnut, including wardrobe with plate-glass doors, and new-shaped washstand, £12 15s.; or with bedstead and spring bedding, £17 10s.

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The BOURNEMOUTH SUITE, in solid ash, including 6 ft. wardrobe, with plate-glass centre door, £18 10s.; or with handsome brass bedstead and spring bedding, £25 17s. Design and full particulars free.

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## THE LADIES' COLUMN.

There are several Women's Suffrage societies, and there are various societies for the protection, the employment, the education, and what not, of our sex. But it has been left to this fifty-second year of her Majesty's reign to see established a society having for its aim the complete enfranchisement of women, and the procuring for them equal treatment before the law with men in every respect. Much, very much, has already been done in this cause, either by individual workers acting in concert but without any committee at all, or by the efforts of committees formed for special purposes. Thus, there was a Married Woman's Property Law Reform Committee, while the agitation which resulted in passing the Custody of Infants Act, and the other which gave Magistrates power to decree a separation between married couples when the men had been convicted of violent assaults on their wives, were managed practically without any committees at all.

There was a directing soul and a statesmanlike brain acting behind the agitations in every case. These belonged to a woman who works so quietly and with such complete self-abnegation that nine-tenths even of those interested in some degree in the women's movement have not heard her name. But Members of Parliament who have helped (or tried to hinder) the legal reforms for women of the last quarter of a century know Mrs. Wolstenholme-Elmy. So do those few friends of women who are always ready to help the cause with money; and so likewise do those of us who are appointed, by the ability that carries a responsibility, to do the laborious and often disagreeable work of the platform. It is not only that she is so true that one may trust her utterly in the cause of women: it is that she is also so wise, and knows so well what may be asked for, and whom to appeal to as a friend, and how to strike a foe. When Mrs. Elmy set me the task of going to move a vote of censure at one of the election meetings of a certain Q.C. who persistently obstructed the Custody of Infants Bill, preventing the judgment of the House of Commons being taken on it while we knew we had a majority of the House, I went as a soldier would charge a breach. It was one of the most unpleasant tasks possible; but it succeeded, as she said it would do. The next Session our enemy appeared as a convert, and helped to pass the Act which for the first time gave an English mother the right to a voice in the management of her children and a claim to their custody. Before then, as a Judge said from the bench in a famous case, "the English law saw only the father and the child: it does not recognise the existence of the mother." Mrs. Elmy's labour in altering that law was superhuman. Yet nobody outside the circle who worked with her knows of it.

She is really what Miss Mary Carpenter used to be called by her young friends—"the Great Mole." Miss Carpenter (the founder of the Zenana Mission, and the pioneer in the establishment of girls' reformatories) once said to some younger women: "My dears, I never appear before the public if I can help it. If I want to do a thing, I try to get some men to come forward in it. There is a prejudice against anything a woman starts: you should work underground, my dears. I do all my work underground." So she got her loving sobriquet from her admirers. Mrs. Elmy is "the Great Mole" of the woman's movement. She has consented now to become the hon. secretary of "The Women's Franchise League," and anybody who wants to see the papers about it can get them by writing to her at Conington, Cheshire. Mr. and Mrs. Peter Taylor, Dr. and Mrs. Pankhurst, and Mrs. Oliver Scatcherd are among the committee. The objects are (1) to obtain for

women the vote on the same conditions as it is given to men, and (2) to establish for all women equal civil and political rights with men.

Mr. Haldane, M.P., will introduce the Women's Suffrage Bill prepared by the League, which differs from Mr. Woodall's older and so often shelved measure in that it does not make marriage a bar to civil rights. Dr. Hunter has already introduced a Divorce Bill to equalise between husband and wife the causes which give a right to divorce. Sir Horace Davey, Mr. Gladstone's last Solicitor-General, to whom is due to a large extent the success of the Infants Bill, has promised to introduce a measure to deal with the inequalities between the sexes in the matter of inheritance under intestacies. At present, wives take less than husbands, and daughters less than sons, where a relative dies without a will. The "Devolution of Estates Bill" will rectify that matter. Finally, a Bill is being drafted to abolish certain evil marital rights which only lawyers and a few unhappy women know much about, and which decent-minded men will generally be perfectly ready to yield up, known under the general title of "Coverture." This is a programme of comprehensive and wide effect, on which the efforts of the League are forthwith to be directed. In those efforts any whose minds can respond to the plea of women for equal civil, personal, and legislative freedom with men may at once join.

"There is no force in the universe," writes Mrs. Elmy, "so powerful as moral enthusiasm. Nothing has astonished and delighted me more than the rapid growth of opinion in our favour during the last seven years. All over the country friends are springing up, accepting to the full our principles as the basis of the higher domestic and social morality yet to be; and even in the House of Commons, the last place in the world to be influenced by this new current of thought and feeling, there are now men, many men, especially amongst the younger members of the House, who regard these questions as earnestly, as seriously, and with almost as much of passionate conviction as ourselves, and who, not only for the sake of justice to women but also of the resultant justice to all mankind, are determined to spare no effort to set right these inequalities."

Ladies are taking seriously to cricket this year. The mockery of playing against men who batted with broom-handles is abandoned this season, and one ladies' eleven plays another. There is a Gloucestershire eleven, captained by Lady Edward Somerset, and numbering in its ranks Lady Cholmondeley and Lady Muriel Howard, which recently played a match with the Berkshire eleven, captained by Miss Hargreaves. Another match was played between Miss Scott's and Lady Milner's elevens, the players including Lady H. Nevill and her sisters, Lady Rose Leigh and Lady Idina Brassey, Lord Abergavenny's daughters. These teams have not, so far, adopted any distinctive costume; they play in ordinary tennis flannels. It will be a good thing if they make cricket fashionable for girls (though, by-the-way, nearly all these players have been married women). It is capital exercise, and can be played where tennis cannot be managed. But very few women can play cricket with men. It is not analogous to tennis in that respect. Too much force applied to the tennis ball defeats its own object; but the strength thrown into cricket with advantage is evidently tremendous. Little girls can play with their brothers, but not women with men, as at present muscularly developed. The inequality in the physical strength of the sexes is much more marked in adult life than in childhood. It will be interesting to see, however, whether the great alteration in social custom about the exercise

allowed to women will not result in producing a much stronger generation of our sex than we have known hitherto. Certainly, the women of the working classes are more equal to the men in strength than is the case between educated women and the men of their own station; while in savage countries, according to travellers, the difference between the sexes in strength appears to have always been slighter even than with our peasantry.

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

## MUSIC.

Our record of London musical performances is still confined to the Promenade Concerts at our two great opera-houses. Those at Covent-Garden Theatre are now in the third week of the series, and manifest no abatement of interest, or of power of attraction. The second classical night of the series drew, as on other occasions, an immense audience. Vocal pieces—solo and concerted—were effectively rendered by Mdle. Colombati and Mr. B. Foote, one of the specialties of the evening having been their association in the music of Marguerite and Mephistopheles in the church scene from Gounod's "Faust," in which Mr. Stedman's choir co-operated, as did Mr. H. M. Higgs as organist. The classical portion of the programme included Weber's overture to "Oberon," portions of Beethoven's septet for stringed and wind instruments (rendered by Messrs. Frye Parker, Hann, E. Howell, E. Ould, J. Egerton, Mann, and Hutchins), Dr. Mackenzie's "Benedictus" (from his Op. 83), one of Schumann's Romances (oboe solo, Mr. Vandenberg), and Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony; this division of the programme having also included Herr Friedheim's skilful and forcible execution of Weber's pianoforte "Concertstück." Here was surely enough, and of excellent quality, to constitute in itself a satisfactory evening's entertainment; but, in addition, there was a miscellaneous selection of music of a lighter kind. On Aug. 24 the garden scene from Gounod's "Faust" was given, Mdle. Colombati having sung effectively in the music of Margherita, well supported by Mdle. Vito, Madame Belle Cole, Mr. V. Smith, and Mr. B. Foote, respectively, in the music of Marta, Siebel, Faust, and Mephistopheles; other important but familiar items having made up an attractive programme. Mr. Carrodus appeared as leading violinist for the first time this season, his position, in his temporary absence, having been ably supplied by Mr. Frye Parker. On the occasion referred to, Mr. Carrodus gave an artistic rendering of the first movement of Beethoven's Violin Concerto. For Aug. 26 a Wagner night was announced.

The Promenade Concerts at Her Majesty's Theatre are also being maintained with great spirit, effective performances and varied programmes combining to gratify musical tastes of different kinds; while the picturesque fitting-up of the interior of the house is gratifying to the sight. On Aug. 24 Mrs. Shaw, the American "siffletse," made her first appearance here, and obtained an immense success by her admirable whistling in Ardit's "Il Bacio." Señor Albeniz, the excellent Spanish pianist, and several eminent vocalists contributed to a varied and attractive programme.

The next musical specialty calling for notice will be the Gloucester Festival, which will be given during the week ending Sept. 7. It will be the 166th meeting of the associated Cathedral Choirs of Gloucester, Hereford, and Worcester; the celebrations being held in yearly alternation in each city.

Madame Puzzi, whose death occurred recently at the age of eighty-one, was for many years an estimable public vocalist, and afterwards a skilful teacher of singing.

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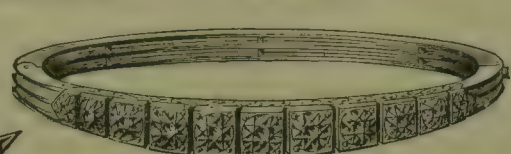
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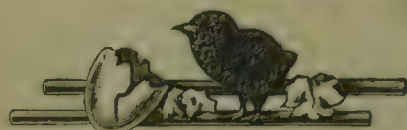
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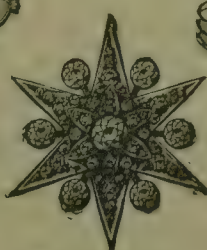
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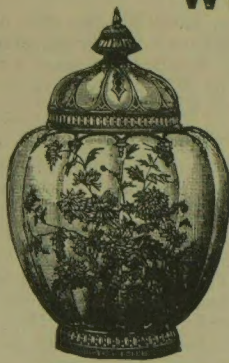


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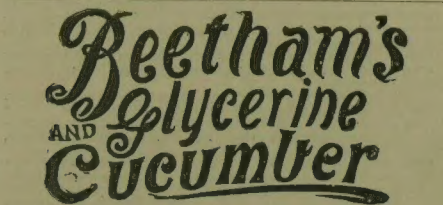
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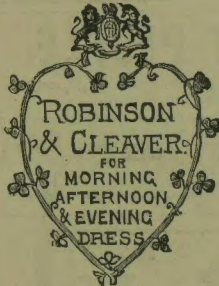
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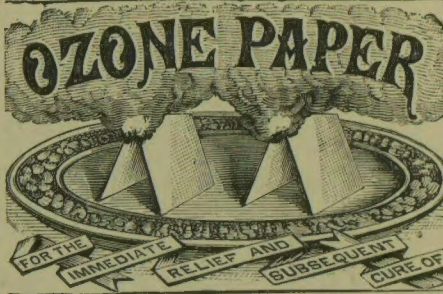


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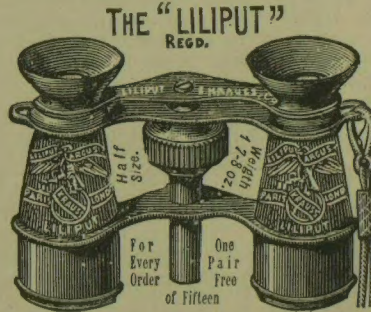
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THE PLAYHOUSES.

Mr. E. S. Willard, the deservedly popular manager of the Shaftesbury, reopened that new and commodious playhouse on Aug. 27, with a powerful new play by Mr. H. A. Jones, entitled "The Middleman," which was applauded throughout, and achieved a well-merited success. The piece, evidently founded on the "Life of Palissy, the Potter," has for its principal motive the lifelong endeavour of Cyrus Blenkarn to discover the secret of making a certain form of china; and the scene where Blenkarn, reduced to the depths of poverty, passionately perseveres to the last in his furnace-house is one of the strongest in the drama. Blenkarn is stimulated to go on to the bitter end, till success at last crowns his efforts, by the oath he has taken to revenge the wrong done his elder daughter Mary by ruining his former employer, the purse-proud father of Captain Chandler, to whose wooing Mary had yielded. How Blenkarn at length triumphs "all along the line," and the piece ends in a happy surprise, we regret we have not space to enlarge upon this week. It must suffice to add that Mr. Jones received a double call at the fall of the curtain, and that Mr. Willard's masterly acting as Cyrus Blenkarn elicited a perfect storm of applause; while Mr. Mackintosh presented a clear-cut portrait of the designing manufacturer Joseph Chandler, and Miss Maud Millett and

Miss Annie Hughes were charming as the daughters of Cyrus Blenkarn. The bright character studies of Mr. E. W. Garden and Mr. H. Cane were also praiseworthy. A full review of "The Middleman" will be given in our next Number.

The Czar and Czarina, with their children, including the Czarewitch, left Peterhof on Aug. 26 on board the Imperial yacht Derjava for Copenhagen.

The Crown Prince of the Hellenes arrived at Copenhagen on Aug. 27, and proceeded to Fredensborg Castle to join the Royal family gathering.

The Royal Humane Society have announced the award of several bronze medals and other recognitions of bravery displayed in saving life from drowning, and it is again remarkable that in many cases the recipients are lads.

Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone have given a garden party at Hawarden Castle to the tenantry in continuation of their golden-wedding rejoicings. Over a thousand guests attended the fête. The festivities began and ended with dancing, which Mrs. Gladstone led off.

Great rejoicings have taken place at St. Bride's Hall, Pembroke-shire, the seat of Lord Kensington, on the occasion of the coming of age of his eldest son, the Hon. William Edwardes.

The most excellent relations exist between Lord Kensington and his tenantry, by whom the young heir was presented with a handsome silver punch-bowl.

The prizes won by the various detachments of the southern division of Artillery Volunteers at Shoeburyness were distributed on Aug. 22. Colonel Nicholson, the commandant, who had previously held a review of the force, stated that their firing was a distinct advance on that of last year.

The Mayor of Cardiff has presented Mr. Charles Bristowe, late steward of the steam-ship Rose, of Cardiff, with the bronze medal of the Board of Trade and £2 for exceptional bravery shown by him at sea on Feb. 16 last. The honorary testimonial of the Royal Humane Society was also presented by the Mayor to David Furness, who rescued a boy from drowning in the Glamorganshire Canal at Cardiff on May 11.

The dignity of Baron Ashtown having recently devolved on Frederick Oliver Trench, the grandson of the late Peer, her Majesty has ordered that the brothers and sisters of the present Baron—William Cosby Trench, Sydney Trench, Charlotte Anne Trench, and Sarah May Trench, minors—shall henceforth enjoy the title and precedence of the younger children of a Baron; to which, however, they would have been entitled had their father, the late Frederick Sydney Charles Trench, succeeded to the peerage.

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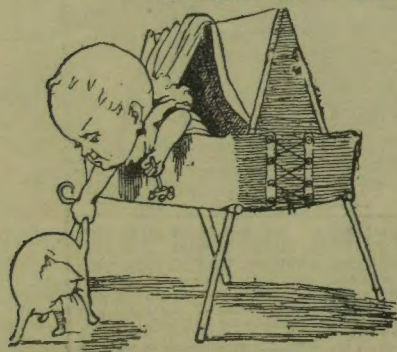
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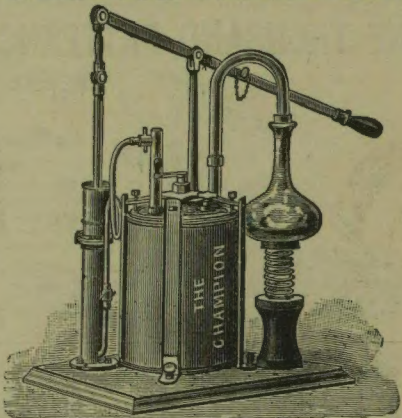
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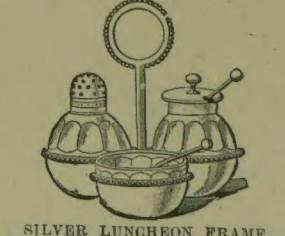


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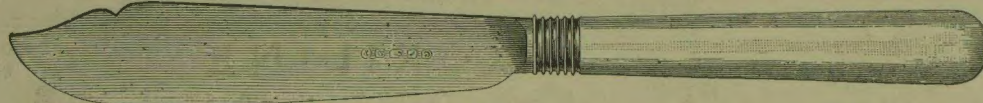


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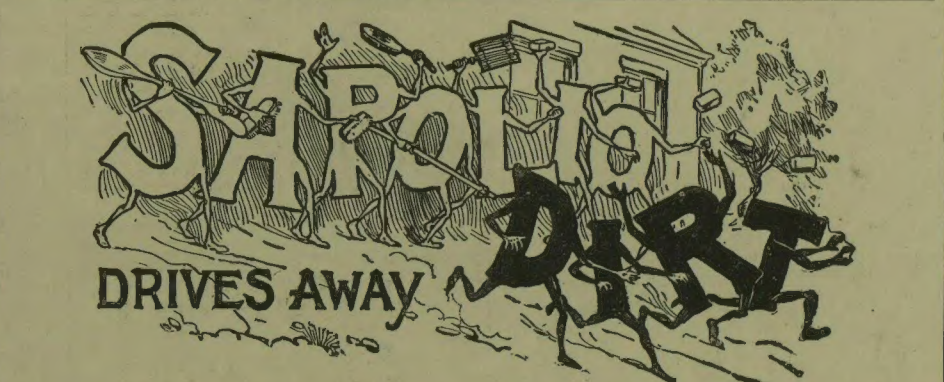
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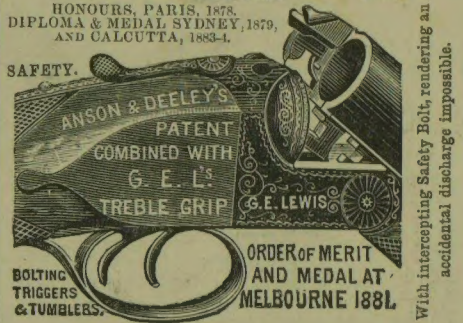
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